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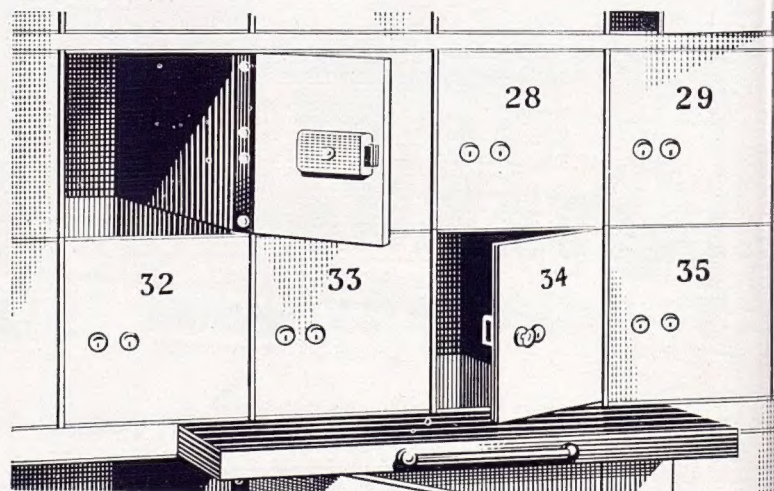
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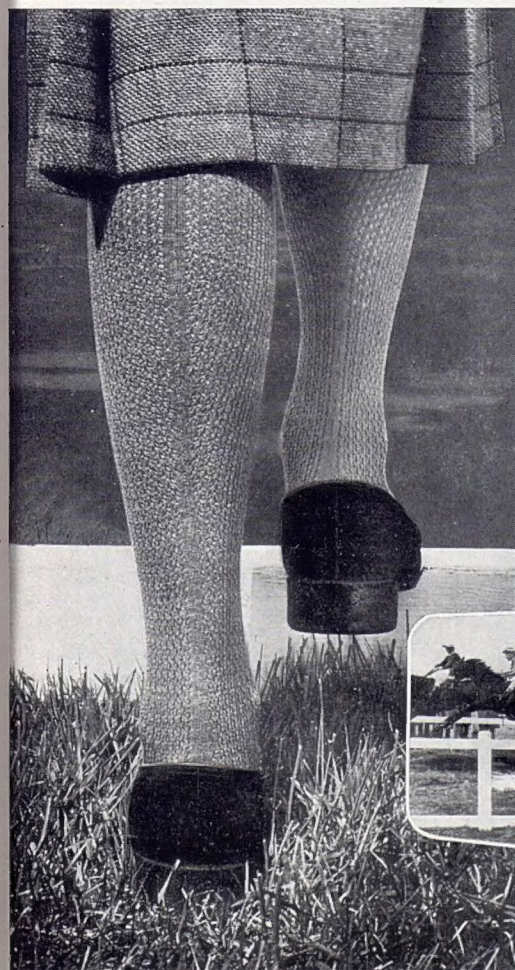


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PACIFIC BANQUET. In this airy pavilion on Tonga the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh sat down with Queen Salote at the top table when a feast was given to celebrate the Royal visit to the island. No fewer than two thousand pigs were cooked, and other dishes included yams, lobsters and chickens. In accordance with Tongan custom, knives and forks were dispensed with, and both the Queen and the Duke entered heartily into the spirit of this fabulous repast

Social Journal

Jennifer

Friendly Islands Fêted Queen

THE visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the Friendly Islands is one which she will look back on with very happy memories after the long tour is over. Here the warm-hearted and beaming Queen Salote, who made so many friends in this country when she was over for the Coronation, had arranged a full programme for the Royal travellers, but with few official events and everything as informal as possible to enable them to see the utmost of the people and customs of the country. Probably the most exciting event of their visit was the great banquet given in their honour by Queen Salote.

Before she left the island the Queen invested her hostess with the Insignia of a Dame Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

★ ★ ★

PROBABLY the best dance for young people this winter was that given by Lady Daphne Straight for her daughter, Camilla, who is now finishing in Florence and will be a débutante in

1955. No one appeared to enjoy it more than H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent who danced every number, and stayed until the very end of the party. She looked very pretty, too, wearing the white lace dress in a marguerite design which she had worn at the Coronation.

This was a dinner-dance, and took place at the Dorchester. It was superbly organized in every detail, which makes the whole difference between the success or failure of any party, and invitations were sent out only to boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen years of age.

WHEN they arrived, after having been received by Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, with Camilla, looking sweet in a powder blue chiffon dress, standing beside her parents, the young guests congregated in the Holford room where several older friends of the hostess looked after them and introduced them if they were on their own. Everyone then went in to enjoy a delicious dinner served at little tables around the dance floor in the Orchid Room. Name cards were at every place and soon everyone was seated and the room was full of the happy sound of young voices in lively conversation. The dance

band did not come in until coffee was served, so that dinner could be enjoyed without interruption.

Then, although everyone appeared to be taking part in all the dances, the floor was never too crowded, the number of guests, about 125—a little more than a hundred young people and the rest grown-ups—being just right for the size of the room. They included Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, and his sister Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, who looked enchanting in a dress of pale pink organza. They both sat with their cousin

(Continued overleaf)



EDWARD ARTHUR MARTIN, five-month-old second son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Leatham of Old Park Farm, Waltham Cross, Herts, with his parents after his christening at Waltham Abbey. Lord Carnarvon was a godfather

WEDDING BELLS AT ST. MARGARET'S

MISS THALIA GREVILLE-COLLINS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Greville-Collins, of Castle Combe, Wilts., and Park Lane, W.1, was married recently to Mr. Jock Prescott Ivens at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The wedding was followed by a reception for nearly 400 guests at the Hyde Park Hotel



Mr. Jock Ivens and his wife prepared to drink a wedding day toast. Later they left to spend their honeymoon in Switzerland



The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W. Greville-Collins, listened to the speech wishing their daughter happiness



Mrs. E. Cavadia, the bridegroom's grandmother, and Mrs. K. B. Ivens, the groom's mother, laughed together



Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, Mr. John Wimble and Miss Sarah Parsons had much of mutual interest to discuss



Other guests at this very happy wedding were Mr. Warwick Greville-Collins, Mr. Alan Dix-Perkin and his mother Mrs. A. J. Dix-Perkin

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Party Was Warm With Youth

Princess Alexandra, and Mr. Whitney Straight, to watch the amusing cabaret which came on about eleven.

Among the other young guests I saw dancing were Miss Frances Sweeney in pale pink, who is also finishing in Florence at the same school as Camilla. She is growing very like her beautiful mother the Duchess of Argyll, who was at the party with the Duke of Argyll. Lord and Lady Herbert's daughter Diana, a childhood friend of Princess Alexandra, also in pink, was there, and Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne's dark-haired daughter, Anne, who promises to be among the prettiest of the 1955 debutantes.

MISS TILLY LAYCOCK was sitting next to Viscount Furneaux at dinner. I saw, too, Clare and Anne Cobbold the twin daughters of Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mrs. Vandeleur, both in white, who are so alike that even their closest friends find it difficult to distinguish between them, also their cousin Miss Henrietta Crawley, Mme. Massigli's daughter Jacqueline, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, the Hon. Sarah Montagu, Miss Mimi Mills, a very attractive young girl from Philadelphia who came with her cousin Lord Astor, the Hon. Virginia Harcourt, and Miss Sheelin Maxwell, and her cousins, Camilla and Lucinda Roberts. Miss Penny Knowles, one of the most charming among a lot of very pretty girls, was wearing a pale pink tulle dress appliquéd with pink butterflies, which her mother had brought back from America that week for her, and the Hon. Angela Cecil, wearing a jade necklace with her white dress, I saw dancing with Mr. Edward Cazalet.

THE young men enjoying the party included Viscount Elveden, who told me he was off a few days later to ski in Switzerland with his sisters and his mother, Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall, Mr. Gerald Ward, who was dancing enthusiastically the whole evening, Lord Chetwode, Lord Oxmantown, Mr. Julian Sandys, Mr. Anthony Forbes, Lord O'Neill, the Hon. Richard Smith, Mr. Timothy and Mr. Brian Thornton, the Hon. Henry Moore, who has been chosen to play a leading part in the school play at Eton next half, Mr. Paul Channon, who was off to ski at Zermatt the following week, and the Hon. Martin Parsons, who was celebrating his fifteenth birthday at midnight.

There were a few older guests at this party, besides those I have already mentioned, including

Mme. Massigli, Col. and Mrs. Jackie Ward, Viscount Moore, Mr. "Chips" Channon, Lady John Hope, whose young son was dancing, Major Philip and Lady Margaret Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Brig. Antony and Lady Dorothea Head, whose son and daughter Richard and Theresa were at the dance, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laycock and Mrs. Bob Laycock.

After midnight several more parents arrived to spend a short time at the party and take their families home. Among these I saw Viscount Harcourt, Lord and Lady Burghley, who are now settled in their new home in Berkshire where he is having a very good season with the Old Berkeley Hounds which he took over last year, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Viscountess Hambleden, Mrs. Vandeleur, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley.

★ ★ ★

MISS THALIA GREVILLE-COLLINS chose a wedding dress of finest lace over shell pink slipper satin, with which she wore a tulle veil held in place by a headdress of white hyacinths and stephanotis, for her marriage to Mr. Jock Ivens at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She was attended by five bridesmaids and two pages, Miss Gillian Capel-Slaughter, and Miss Shane Newton, with Susan MacDonald and the Hon. Roxana and the Hon. Jacquetta Lampson. They wore magenta organza skirts and velvet tops made with Watteau aprons, and scalloped Juliet caps in the same colour. The two pages Kelvin and Richard MacDonald wore white shirts with the MacDonald kilt. The bridegroom's cousin, Mr. Walter Ivens was his best man.

After the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Greville-Collins gave a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, Mrs. Greville Collins looking charming in brown lace with a tiny brown velvet cap embroidered in bronze beads. The bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. Ivens, the latter in a grey patterned silk dress and beaded velvet hat to match, stood beside them to receive the guests. These included many Greek friends—the bridegroom's mother came from Greece. The Greek Ambassador unfortunately could not come to the wedding, but Mme. Mostras was there with their daughter, also Admiral Kyess of the Greek Navy and Mme. Kyess, Mr. and Mrs. Demetriadi and Mr. and Mrs. Lykardopoulos with their son Nicholas.

I met Marie Marchioness of Willingdon at the reception, also Lady Killearn whose two daughters were among the bridesmaids, Elizabeth Countess of Bandon and her daughter Lady Jennifer Bernard, who is going to share a flat in London with two other girls this spring. Other young guests were Miss Susan Senior, Miss Sonia Clark and Miss Sara Parsons who were talking to Mr. Graham Laing and the bride's brothers Warwick and Rodney Greville-Collins.

The bride had pale pink icing on her wedding cake—the decorations of which had not only been used by her parents for their wedding cake, but also on the cake at her christening and both her brothers' christenings.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK was among the many distinguished guests at the Bertram Mills Circus luncheon given at Olympia on the opening day of this great spectacle. According to custom the Lord Mayor was there with Lady Bowater and Sheriffs of the City of London. Their Excellencies the High Commissioners for Canada and New Zealand were also sitting at top table with Mrs. Norman Robertson and Lady Doidge, and other guests included the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, wearing a mink coat over her black dress, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the Earl of Derby, Earl and Countess Alexander of Tunis, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Clement Davies, the Bishop of Kensington, who said grace before lunch started, Lady Burghley and Lord Burghley, the President, who for the eighth year running made a brilliant speech, full of amusing stories told at a rattling pace. He was followed by Mr. Cyril Mills and his brother Bernard, who both spoke very briefly.

Several Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament were also present. Among the former were Mr. Jim Thomas, Mr. Harold Macmillan, Viscount Woolton, and Major Gwilym Lloyd-George who all had to go directly after luncheon to attend a Cabinet meeting which the Prime Minister had called for three o'clock.

A superb lunch was served at small tables for eight lit by candles with red lampshades. When it was time for the sweet there was a fanfare of trumpets and the model of a huge elephant, his ears flapping, appeared at the end of the room carrying a dancing girl. The head divided and out walked dozens of waitresses carrying silver dishes filled with the ice cream and pineapple sweet, made in the form of miniature clowns. That ended, a line of elephants, modelled in ice and glistening in the spotlight, was wheeled in.

Among others I saw at the luncheon, many of whom were later to enjoy watching the circus which this year has many new and exciting acts, were Mr. Anthony Hornby and his attractive Hungarian-born wife very chic in black, the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, the Hon. Michael Berry and Dame Laura Knight, who has painted so many pictures of circus life.

★ ★ ★

ST. GEORGE'S, Hanover Square, was decorated with giant white chrysanthemums, sprays of white lilac and arum lilies, for the marriage of Miss Arlene Winter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Winter, to Mr. David Looker, only son of the late Mr. H. W. Looker and the late Mrs. Looker. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a dress with a flowing train of stiff white silk faille embroidered with rhinestones and pearls. Her headdress, also made of white faille with the same embroidery, took the form of hearts, and held in place her circular tulle veil.

Her six bridesmaids, the bridegroom's niece, Miss Virginia Estcourt, Miss Patricia Kynoch, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Miss Patricia McPeake, Miss Elizabeth Sanger, and Miss Helen Shore, wore dresses of an unusual shade of azalea pink organza over dark burgundy red taffeta with full skirts and bertha collars, and small headdresses of the same coloured organza. The bridegroom's nephew, Adam Barford, was to have been a page, but the day before the wedding he developed influenza so could not attend.

After the ceremony, which was performed by Prebendary C. G. C. Walker, the bride's parents held a reception at 45 Park Lane. Among those who came to wish the bride and bridegroom happiness were the bridegroom's sister, Mrs. Edward Barford, wearing a little jewel embroidered taffeta cap and a mink coat over her blue and black shot

(Continued overleaf)



A group of guests composed of Miss Angela Holloway, Miss Elizabeth Hasloch, Mrs. John Hasloch, Mr. John Hasloch, Miss Caroline Braby and Miss Sarah Trubshawe



The Duchess receiving her prize at the tombola stall from Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Ewing. On the left is Earl Howe



The Marquess and Marchioness Camden buying a programme from one of the lifeboatmen who were present at the ball

THE DUCHESS OF KENT was principal guest at the Lifeboat Ball, always one of the best of the winter season. It was organized by Countess Howe, with the aid of a very strong committee, and the guests enjoyed a most festive evening which passed all too soon into early morning. A particularly happy moment was when the Duchess won a tombola prize



The chairman, Mrs. Derek Hague, received with two vice-chairmen, Mrs. Desmond Reid and Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie



Mrs. M. Caulfield and Mrs. and Mr. Richard Bryant were three more who helped this excellent cause at the Savoy

Social Journal (Contd.)

Afternoon At Kempton

taffeta dress, with Mr. Edward Barford, the bride's three brothers, Mr. Charles Winter, Mr. Billy Winter and Mr. Nicholas Winter, who is to captain the Eton cricket eleven next season, the bridegroom's stepmother, Mrs. H. W. Looker, and his half-sister Mrs. John Robertson and her husband; also Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn and her two schoolboy sons, Col. and Mrs. G. B. Kynoch, whose daughter Patricia was one of the bridesmaids, Air/Cdre. Vere Harvey, Mr. Derek Stanley Smith, Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Belmont, the Hon. Jock and Mrs. Skeffington, Capt. and Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster and her daughters, Miss Caroline and Edwina Barford, whose brother Clive was among the ushers, Capt. and Mrs. John Hodges and her brothers, Mr. Ralph Harbord who was best man, and Mr. William Harbord.

Pictures of the wedding will be found on pages 14-15.

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EVERYONE who went to Kempton Park on Boxing Day must have enjoyed watching the brilliant performance of Lady Orde's good chaser Galloway Braes, who won the valuable King George VI steeplechase in such convincing style.

Ridden by the Irish jockey R. Morrow, he went off and led from start to finish at a pretty fast pace, and jumped faultlessly with the exception of one fence, when he took off too soon. The Hon. Dorothy Paget's big-hearted chaser Mont Tremblant, second in last year's Grand National, when he was carrying a terrific weight, was second this time carrying 12 stone 6 lb., the same weight as the winner, with Lord Bicester's promising six year old Mariner's Log third.

Lady Orde wearing a coat and hat of bottle green was there with her husband and their daughter to see her horse win. After the race they went into the unsaddling enclosure to congratulate the jockey and the trainer Mr. A. S. Kilpatrick, and received many congratulations themselves.

The Hon. Dorothy Paget, wearing one of her famous blue tweeds, watched her horse unsaddled in company with Miss Ruth Charlton and her trainer Mr. Fulke Walwyn, and nearby stood the veteran Lord Bicester with his trainer Mr. George Beeby delighted at the way his horse had run. Before the race I saw the Contessa di Sant Elia in the paddock with her trainer looking at her horse Halloween, and Mr. Dick Wilkins with his mother Mrs. George Wilkins, in grey, and his trainer Mr. Peter Cazalet, watching his young chaser Owen O'Cork parade.

THERE was a tremendous crowd racing that afternoon, some having come long distances. Among the first I saw were Lord Willoughby de Broke with Major Jimmy Dance and Mr. Phil Forrest who had all come up from Warwickshire. Lord Willoughby de Broke had his Calalou running in the second race, but after having a certain amount of bad luck he only just finished third. The race was won by Godet owned by the veteran American sportsman Mr. Ambrose Clark with Mr. W. J. Rimmell's Ordnance, the favourite, second. The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, a very fine judge of a horse was watching the racing, also Mrs. Beckwith-Smith with her son and daughter-in-law Major and Mrs. Peter Beckwith-Smith, Mr. Edward Paget who was one of the Stewards of the meeting, also his wife and their two children who were lunching at a table with Brig. John Combe. Sir Gordon Munro, happily much better from his long illness which forced him to resign last autumn his appointment as High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, was racing with Lady Munro, he had a winner at the same meeting two days later. Major and Mrs. Victor Seely brought their son and daughter and were having a long talk to the Hon. John Coke who was Equerry to the late Queen Mary.

In The TATLER of Dec. 23, under pictures of the Christmas Fair for the Greater London Fund for the Blind, the Fair was said to have been held at the Hyde Park Hotel. It took place, in fact, at the Park Lane Hotel. We regret the error and extend apologies to both managements.

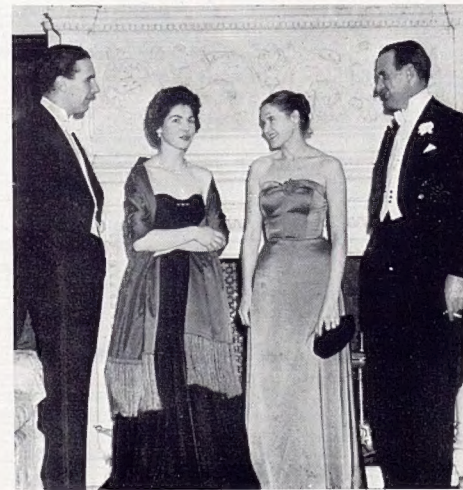


Mr. B. Baker-Wilbraham, High Sheriff of Cheshire, Mrs. J. A. Dewhurst, Mrs. J. D. Kewish, Lt.-Col. R. B. Verdin, T.D., Colonel of The Cheshire Yeomanry, and Col. G. Egerton Warburton, D.S.O., Hon. Colonel of the Yeomanry

THE CHESHIRE YEOMANRY were the hosts at a most successful ball given at Thornton Manor, Thornton Hough, the fine home of the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Viscount Leverhulme. Dancing was in the magnificent ballroom, while sitting out, a bar and a buffet supper were arranged in the adjoining rooms. Merrymaking continued well after midnight had struck



Capt. and Mrs. David Dickson and Mrs. and Major Keith Rae were in conversation together



In the sitting-out room Mr. David Miller, Mrs. Sebastian De Ferranti and Mrs. and Lt.-Cdr. D. Carson enjoyed a joke



Capt. Sir Geoffrey Bates, Mrs. John Hayden, Lady Bates, Major Derek Beazley and (in front), Mr. John Hayden and Mrs. P. C. Ormrod relaxed for a short time between dances



Galloway Braes, R. Morrow up, being led in by Lady Orde, after winning the big race of the day from Mont Tremblant, with Mariner's Log third. A crowd of well-wishers are following them to the unsaddling enclosure



Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar and Mr. A. Hoyer Millar consulted their card before the first race was announced



Mr. W. J. Rimell, whose Ordinance was placed second in the Chiswick 'Chase, accompanied Mrs. Fred Rimell

KEMPTON PARK attracted an even larger gathering than usual when the Boxing Day races were run, the mild clear weather being an added incentive. The big event of the programme was the King George VI Steeplechase won by Galloway Braes, and a favourite for the forthcoming championship



The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, paused for a chat with Sir Horace Evans, physician to H.M. the Queen



Watching the parade of runners in the paddock were Lord Bicester, the owner, and Mrs. B. Ancil

At The Races

The Unwise Brethren

• Sabretache •

AT a quick preliminary glance, this New Year which is hardly out of the egg, would seem to be very full of "ifs" and "perhapes" where our racehorses are concerned, but in spite of this we find the venture-some backer already busy, in some cases, even before the entries! I suppose this must be on the old principle of "nothing venture nothing have," a very good one up to a point—but only up to a point! As for instance, in the case of Her Majesty's Derby colt Landau. At first sight his pedigree looks as good as a bank note, but now an expert invites us to look at "False Clarence," a lady in his case, and not the luckless nobleman who got drowned in a butt of malmsey.

Clarence, the grandmama of Landau, is by Diligence by Hurry On and was rated only passing honest. I should have thought that Her Majesty had had more than her fair share of this sort of thing in Aureole, who was what they call a bit temperamental, but who some people still think was a worthy runner-up to Pinza. Personally I have never thought so.

THAT extremely clever person, the renowned Captain Machell, once said that you should never bet at all unless you had 21 lb. in hand, but how many people ever have that? Machell, if we look up his records, seems to have proved his theory to be correct, but then what an astonishing lot of good horses he had with which to play! Few people have today; and no matter how clever they are, can boast that he has 21 lb. in hand. It would be nice to be able to predict that H.M. will win the Lincoln with Choir Boy and the Derby with Landau, also that H.M. the Queen Mother will win the Grand National with M'as-Tu-Vu, but personally I have not the courage to do it, however wishful I may be. I will not go further than say that one of these three might materialize in spite of a recent performance at Hurst Park! Obviously the Queen's horse lost his nerve, which is not very uncommon. As to the disaster to Lanveoc Poulmic I do not wish to be a prophet of ill, but he is a very big horse, and when they go wrong they are very difficult to get right. However, the Grand National is so full of risks, quite apart from the fences, that I wonder how anyone ever has had the hardihood to prophesy.

THE only "future" of which I dare think is Premonition in the Gold Cup (June 17); but here again there is that pertinacious "if." We hear on one hand that his tendon has quite recovered from the attentions of the French jockeys in the Prix de l'Arc Triomphe and on another hand that it has not. It was a nasty blow, and though the tendon was not cut through, it was "only just." So little was made of it at the time, lest, as must be surmised, it created a "Diplomatic Incident."

Hurdlers are not encouraged to jump big, but I think that we are all agreed that they should be made to work their passage instead of, as at present, being permitted to treat the obstacles as if they were not there. If it is a hurdle race let it be one instead of a bad imitation of a flat race with flimsy obstacles placed in the path.





THE SLIPPER IS FOUND, and in the kitchen Buttons (Max Bygraves), Cinderella (Julie Andrews) and Baron Pastry (Richard Hearne) greet the arrival of Prince Charming (Adele Dixon) who seeks his lovely Princess

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"Cinderella" (London Palladium)

A BREATH of freezing air has blown from the ice-rink—and stage pantomime has caught what some people think will turn out to be an everlasting cold.

This is hard to believe; yet the long-faced ones can point to some alarming facts. Spectacle on the rink draws bigger crowds than any theatre can hold. It can accommodate them more cheaply and afford to pay the performers handsomely. Musicals that run all the year round monopolize all the big stages, and it is not worth while to suspend the monopoly for the sake of a Christmas show. And there is the highly significant fact that this year Mr. Val Parnell is the only West End manager to stage a big pantomime.

Still it is hard to believe that stage pantomime on the grand scale is not immortal. We have seen the thing lift the same impenitently foolish face over the wrack of wars and all sorts of revolutionary social changes, and it has always seemed something quite outside time. Every other form of dramatic entertainment has changed with the times, showing an awareness of new audiences with new ideas of what gives laughter edge, with new ideas of speed, of setting and style; but not pantomime.

WHY, its devotees have asked, should it change. It has in itself something of all known theatrical forms—tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, ballet, opera, court masque, burlesque and extravaganza. Why having combined so many diverse traditions into a seemingly indestructible tradition, should it stoop to peer under tables for the ideas that others may let fall. Richly sufficient to itself, it has always seemed to have what Chesterton described something in Dickens as having "the defiant finality of a perfect absurdity"; and it is scarcely credible that it should suddenly succumb to a draught from the ice-rink.

But who can tell? Economic laws, which have worked havoc with your affairs and mine, may eat into the innards even of so perfect an absurdity as stage pantomime.

We may be grateful to Mr. Parnell for filling a gap which would have been awful to contemplate, and still question his method. One would have thought that

since in spectacle the rink can rival pantomime, he should have preferred rollicking fun to splendour.

HE has in fact gone the opposite way to work. His *Cinderella* has taste, beauty and elegance, but little humour. Mr. Richard Hearne has scarcely the breadth which pantomime demands. Twinkling and rubicund behind a perpetually astonished moustache, he is always amiably presidential, but not really funny until he turns to his familiar set of Lancers danced with invisible partners.

The Durantes are rather dim brokers' men, so dim that they take us by surprise when they cease to worry about the furniture and let themselves go in an acrobatic turn which is as funny as it is clever.

Mr. Jon Pertwee and Mr. Tony Sympson are remarkably grotesque but they get very little fun out of the Ugly Sisters, and Mr. Max Bygraves as Buttons is a cosily affable presence but not a very notable source of mirth. There is nothing quite so funny in the show as Hall, Norman and Ladd—a group of seedy musicians who seemed thoroughly ashamed of their musicianship.

But if there is more of spectacle than of other good things who will complain, since the result (only a colloquialism will meet the case) is so giddily splendiferous. The lighting and the costumes and the scenery could not be better done. There was a time when the pantomime transformation depended largely on the quantities of scenery involved. Each fresh vista aimed at being more spendidly illogical than the last. But there is both logic and splendour in the spectacle of the fairies making Cinderella's clothes and even Kirby's flying ballet is set to work at an immense gold spinning wheel suspended in mid-air.

THE principals are worthy of their splendiferous surroundings. Miss Adele Dixon has the right princely strut and Miss Julie Andrews, though less vocal than she was expected to be, makes Cinderella a young lady of character and charm. Indeed, the whole show, despite its humorous defects, succeeds in creating an atmosphere of utter disbelief in that everlasting cold which stage pantomime is supposed to have caught.



THE UGLY SISTERS (Tony Sympson and Jon Pertwee) prepare to leave for the ball in all their finery



Climax of the evening was the Boar's Head Carol, with a pageant in Chaucerian costume. Here the Rev. G. A. Hutchison, the bass soloist, is seen with three candlebearers, Sylvia Wolsey, Jacquita Durk and Raye Harper

"CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT" was the evocative title of a programme by the City of Bath Bach Choir given in the Pump Room on two successive nights. It proved an adventurous and wide-ranging programme, in eight sections, beautifully sung to a packed and highly appreciative audience.



Lady Celia Noble, a patron of the choir, was talking with Mr. Cuthbert Bates, its founder and conductor



In an interval Miss Philomel Robinson went over to talk to Mrs. Arnoll Davis, a founder-member of the organisation

London Limelight



Faith Brook and Michael Gough are in the new Charles Morgan play

Call - Over for 1954

PLAYS which look good on paper only too often end their runs with the stalls full of the same material, as the wisest backers have discovered before now. Yet as a theoretical investor I would certainly lay out some capital on Charles Morgan's *The Burning Glass*, which starts its provincial travels at Brighton on the 18th.

The cast includes Michael Gough, whose style is as sharp as mint sauce, and with him are Faith Brook, daughter of Clive, Laurence Naismith and Michael Goodliffe. Odds on a success here would seem to shorten the price considerably. A longer shot, but one which would also get my mythical thousands, would be a comedy which T. E. B. Clarke, author of a string of Ealing film winners, has been persuaded to write for the perspicacious Mr. Binky Beaumont of Tennents. Ronald Shiner is the central figure in the mind's eye. I wish I felt as confident of my Grand National selection.

CHRISTOPHER FRY's new work, *The Dark is Light Enough*, completed at last, should provide Edith Evans with yet another laurel, although great names are by no means guarantees of longevity, and Bea Lillie's personal revue, long promised, should fill a house of the right intimate size very comfortably for as long as the lady pleases.

What other vital entries for the year? Mr. Noël Coward has a couple of very likely runners. The first is the musical version of *The Marquise*, the book of which has just been completed by Diana Morgan. The maestro is reported as being so pleased with it that she is to be given equal billing with the original author. The second is Mr. Coward's adaptation of *Lady Windermere's Fan* as a musical, which promises as much rich and elegant virtue as a Dundee cake served by a Dowager Duchess.

THE MARQUISE, due to open in March in Belfast, will have music by Kenneth Leslie Smith, the composer of the best tunes in *At the Lyric*. Evelyn Laye is to play the lead—indeed, the adaptation was her idea—and the producer is Hugh Hunt, breaking entirely new ground after his long Old Vic connection. Mesdames Laye and Morgan have been associated before, for the English edition of *Three Waltzes* was written by Diana. But it was her T.V. version of the life of C. B. Cochran which persuaded Mr. Coward to make use of her talents. *The Marquise*, by the way, will be called *The Marquise*, but *Lady Windermere's Fan* will be called *After the Ball*.

—Youngman Carter



THE MASTER of the East Kent Foxhounds, Mr. T. M. Glasse, was in conversation with Gp./Officer M. H. Barnett, O.B.E., Officer Commanding the W.R.A.F. Depot at Hawkinge, who entertained the hunt before they moved off for an excellent day's sport

Talk Around the Town

"'MORNING!" he said, looking up from the soft, dark earth he was spading.

"Fine morning," I agreed. "Weather going to keep?"

He gave the blue sky a countryman's quick, appraising glance. "Ought to keep over Christmas," he said. Then, with a friendly nod and easing his limbs a bit, he went on with his work. A lone figure against a background of gaunt trees and the grass so green for mid-winter.

That was in St. James's Square on the day before Christmas. St. James's Square—what an appropriate setting for one of those little pictures that become fixed in the memory as this one will in mine. James, the son of Mary, the Lord's "brother," the

Nazarite, and author of the Epistle that bears his name.

The near-by church that also bears his name has been wonderfully restored within since its destruction in the war. I hope the care lavished upon it will be brought also to the Square, and all the other squares of London that are threatened with being turned into car parks, or with having their trees uprooted to make way for underground garages.

★ ★ ★

Not the least strange of the sights I enjoyed during the past fortnight came just before the annual circus lunch at Olympia.

I paused by the kerb on the far side of the busy Hammersmith Road in company with an elderly man who, if not an alderman of the City, deserved to be one (such was



Miss Claudette Hallam, on Irish Venture, and Miss Jennifer McGaughey, on Mockbridge, were among the hunting enthusiasts who gathered at Hawkinge

the weight of his dignity), but the traffic was too great to allow us to cross.

Suddenly a policewoman in a white coat rushed forward bearing a standard on which was inscribed the device: "STOP! Children Crossing."

Thus heralded, we both marched across the road, and into the company of the clowns, lady bareback riders, trapezists and genuine children. It was a notable entrance.

At this banquet I met a man who had been prepared for the season of heavy eating in a somewhat unusual way.

He had that morning been to St. Mary's Hospital, in Paddington, to have himself tested for various allergies, and his forearms bore an inked menu of the various items which might be dangerous to him, each with its accompanying injection mark.

"Reading from the wrist end," he said, "I have been inoculated with chicken, ham, beer, sweets, two kinds of roses, beer again, I think, steak, omelette, milk and roast duckling."

"It seems odd to be coming here for more."

★ ★ ★

FOR smart men-about-Savile Row: velvet collars, of any pleasing colour, are now *de rigueur* on coats worn in an open sports car of a model earlier than 1935. Straps over the car's bonnet of a matching colour are not considered in the best taste. A car of earlier than 1925 vintage is extremely *chic*.

The golf, or point-to-point, cap should be worn flat on the head, but with the peak slanting sharply down over the eyes *à la mode* Wellington Barracks, with the back of the cap pulled securely down to neck-level. Gloves are worn. Exhaust noises should be intensified in quiet neighbourhoods.

Overcoats need not fit the figure as long as velvet collar is shown. (One such coat was left in my flat over a month ago. The tailor's label says that its original owner was a White Russian prince. No car seems to have been attached, unfortunately.)

★ ★ ★

"WHAT did they do in the evenings—when they weren't playing cards?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, sometimes they sang to each other, or played the piano, or read aloud, or just enjoyed talking," I said.

"How dull the old days must have been," said the young lady, wrinkling her pretty little nose. "What did they read to each other?"

MOTHER LOVE:

Mama her Mildred, dreaming, chides—
"Forget the moon and find
Some treasure far more tangible,
Domestically inclined."

A solid city gentleman,
Secure in stocks and shares,
Who takes pre-breakfast orange juice
In lieu of family prayers
Is Percival, whom Mildred wed,
Still sighing for the moon instead.

—Jean Stanger

"If you hand that book to me I'll give you a sample."

It was a copy of Lord Norwich's excellent biography of Mr. Duff Cooper: "Now here is a diary account of an evening at the house of Alan Parsons and Viola Tree (who was the daughter of a great actor), to which Mr. Asquith came. He was then Prime Minister. After dinner someone read one of Chesterton's Father Brown stories—and then I read Max Beerbohm's essay on Switzerland, and then the P.M. read a sonnet of Keats so badly that it was hard not to laugh, and Diana said the ballad of Marie Hamilton."

"Sounds dull," said the young lady.

"Not necessarily. Viola Tree could read Shakespeare—she had a favourite passage from *The Tempest*—very movingly."

"Just talking!" said the young lady. "I'm glad I have TV., radio and Canasta."

During this exchange of views the wireless had been on. There was a perfectly *spiffing* talk about anthropological progress in Sierra Leone on the Third.

★ ★ ★

SOME men belong to so many countries that in the end they seem to belong to none.

Such a man was Mr. Albert Coates, who never quite won the recognition he should have done in this country as a great conductor—or certainly as a great conductor of opera. He was venerated in Russia, for I spent a holiday there with him before the war, heard the cries of "Ko-artes!" and saw the people who kissed his hand outside the stage door of the Bolshoi Theatre.

It was on this summer visit that I had the rare pleasure of walking through Moscow's streets with a man—the conductor himself—in white tie and tails.

Coates' father was a Liverpool man, a member of that once-flourishing English colony in Russia. His mother was a Russian, and his own features were distinctly Oriental.

As a young man he had conducted at most of the German opera houses before returning to glory in St. Petersburg. He spoke German (as Russian) like a native, and no better guide could be wished for on a round of Berlin's night resorts. I also once came upon him in Barcelona, but cannot say how good a linguist he was in that multi-tongued city.

HE had a fiery and excitable temperament, and few who were present on the night will forget the war he waged on Chaliapin during a performance of *Boris Godunov* in the 'thirties. And the counter-attack of the great bass. I seem to recall something being thrown.

One day at lunch in the old Carlton Hotel he pointed out a thin, sad-faced man with hair *en brosse*, whom presently we joined for a coffee. It was Kerensky, the man who talked himself into being first Prime Minister after the Revolution and then talked and talked and talked himself out of it in 1917.

Now Coates has died in South Africa, after giving Johannesburg its first real symphony orchestra. He was only seventy.

We could have done with his vast experience at Covent Garden in the post-war period. The conducting of grand opera is a department of musical life on its own.

★ ★ ★

FROM Johannesburg came one of the most attractive and thoughtful of the many

Christmas cards which people were kind enough to send me, and which make me resolved to return to my old custom of myself sending them out to friends again.

It came from the widow of Guy Gibson, V.C., the "dam-buster"—now Mrs. Eve Hyman—and bears the head of a Zulu girl painted by Tretchikoff. "A portrait in repose," says the legend beneath the picture, "suggestive of the essential spirit of Africa, still so little known and so greatly misunderstood by the European, a simple grace and dignity, a primitive patience and an ageless humility."

I wish more people in the great dark continent felt that way about things.

—Gordon Beckles



Van Hallan

Fine Weather and Good Sport Made the East Kent's Meet at R.A.F. Hawkinge One To Remember

Waiting for the hounds to move off after a stirrup cup were Mrs. M. Middleton and Mr. Hugh Haldin

Brig. F. J. L. Speed accompanied one of the younger followers, Miss Loretta Pearl, riding Dainty Princess

Major Allen, chairman of the Hunt, discussed the prospects for the run with Mrs. W. Wood

CHRISTMAS WEDDING IN HANOVER SQUARE

FOR her marriage to Mr. David J. Looker, Miss Arlene Winter chose a late-December day, the church being St. George's, Hanover Square. After the service guests travelled to 45, Park Lane, where they were received by Capt. and Mrs. H. E. Winter, and later raised their glasses in a happy toast to the bridal couple's health and continuing happiness.



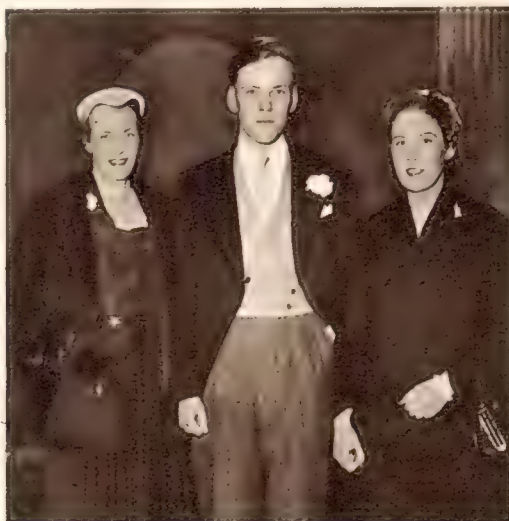
The ceremony of the cake cutting, with Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Looker making their wedding day wish. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Mr. H. W. Looker, of Forest Row, and the late Mrs. Looker, of Hong Kong



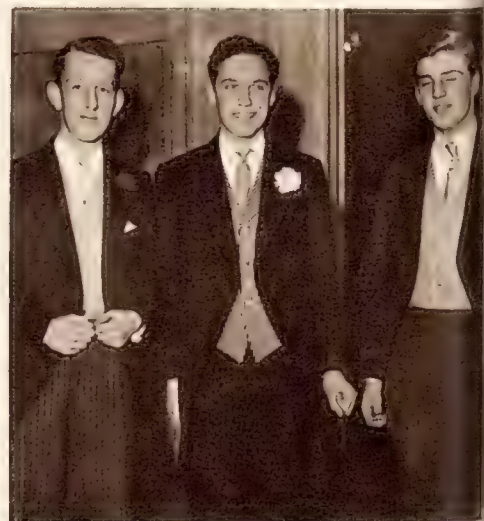
The host and hostess, the bride's parents, Capt. and Mrs. H. E. Winter, of Upper Phillimore Gardens, W.8, waited to receive



Mrs. Peter Black and the Hon. John and Mrs. Skeffington had their glasses charged ready for the principal toast



The Hon. Mrs. John Buckmaster came with her twin son and daughter, Mr. Clive and Miss Caroline Barford



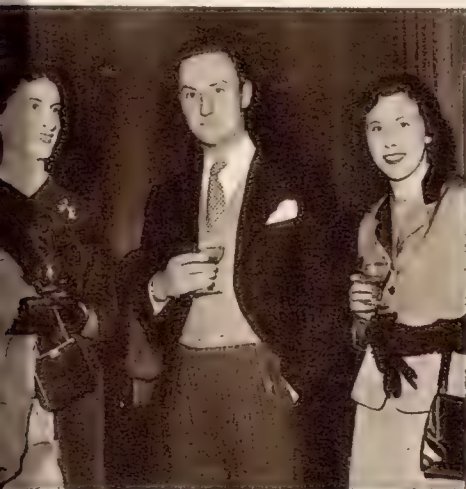
The Hon. Julian Grenfell with Mr. Nicholas Winter, brother of the bride, and Mr. Peter Gibbons



The bridegroom's sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Edward Barford, were also receiving



Miss Helen Shore, one of the bridesmaids, was being escorted by Mr. Derek Stanley Smith



Other guests who came to drink a toast were Miss Elizabeth McIntire, Mr. Stewart Sandeman and Miss Edwina Barford



Lady Cullen, Mrs. Plugge and Capt. Leonard Plugge admired the bride's wedding dress with its fine embroidery



Two of the bride's retinue, Miss Virginia Escourt and Miss Sarah Johnstone, with Major P. Doyle. The duties of best man were carried out by Mr. R. E. Harbord



DINING OUT

Bottle Your Wine In A North Wind

MOST wine-lovers have played with the idea of bottling their own wines. I know that I have; but the craft of the bottler is a professional one, and the risk of losing wine seems too great to me in relation to the relatively small saving of money.

What money I have for wine I prefer to spread among many different vintages during the year.

But if you wish to taste the delights of a "bottling party" (at which most people seem to get gay on the vinous aroma alone), there has been a monograph produced on the subject by Mr. Edward Ott, *From Barrel to Bottle* (Dobson; 6s.), which should tell you how to organise things.

One thing you will learn is that the French do not like to bottle wine unless there is a clear sky and the wind is from the north! Another is that most wine firms send you corking apparatus with their compliments when you order your first barrel; they also include the correct labels in the price.

As for the cost, you can get a half-hogshead of good wine for about £20, but here is a costing sheet for one at £25 (F.O.B. the ship at the French port). The next charges are: duty at £15, with docks, rail insurance, etc., bringing the total cost to £43 15s., which should give you twelve dozen bottles at a cost of 6s. 2d.

DORCHESTER (Park Lane). If you are lucky enough here you may get the attentions of one of London's finest chefs, M. Kaufeler, and if you happen to have *Canard à l'Orange* it will be at least from his own recipe. It was on his Christmas card. Here it is, in easy French: "*Plumez et videz un canard. Bidez et assainonnez. Placez-le dans une casserole avec des tranches de carottes des oignons et du beurre. Faites cuire au four 45 minutes. Enlevez de la casserole un verre de fine champagne. Caramélisez le tout pour faire la sauce. Coupez 6 oranges en quartiers. Placez dans une Sauteuse. Ajoutez la sauce, faites cuire et versez autour du canard.*"

I AM no great advocate of the elaborate cocktail, and believe most of them exist only in the minds of barmen. But chance possession of some of the ingredients (in miniature bottles) led to the mixing of the following one, which won a recent first prize in Los Angeles. Here you are:

25% equal parts pineapple juice and lime juice; 18% Van der Hum; 7% Cointreau; 50% Porto Rico rum. Shake and strain into chilled cocktail glasses, and garnish with "Cum Quat."

We omitted the garnish (for an obvious reason) and the result was quite pleasant. But cum quat may, I still assert my belief in a straight dry Martini with a dash of absinthe.

—I. Bickerstaff

BACHELORS' BALL REVIVED MID-VICTORIAN EVENING

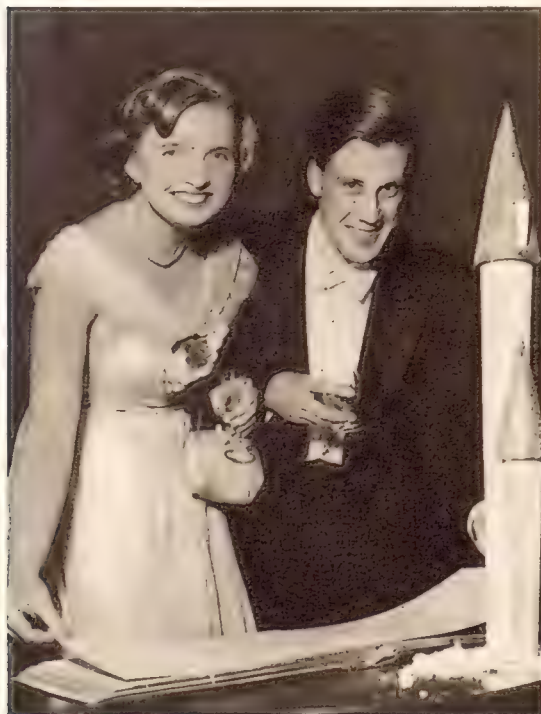
THE Christmas Ball given by the Bachelors of Tunbridge Wells was a much looked forward to function when it was given annually in the late 'eighties to repay hospitality young men had received during the year. At the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, the sixth annual ball since its revival in 1948 proved an even greater success than on previous occasions, nearly 200 guests enjoying the revelry until 3 a.m.



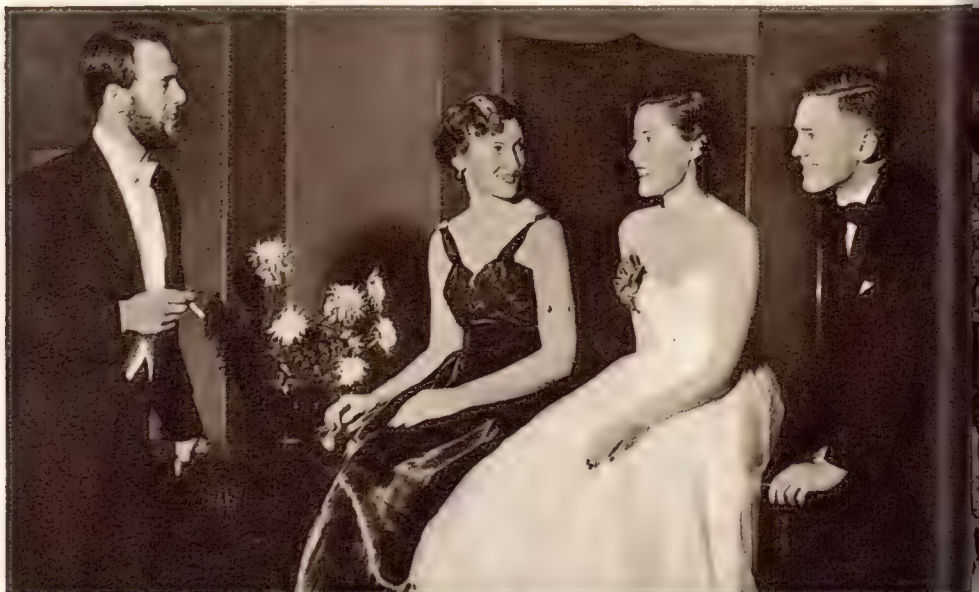
Mr. Dennis Gayler and Miss Pat Tippin, a visitor from Kenya, were in conversation before one of the gaily decorated Christmas trees



Two more guests at this very enjoyable party were Miss Marian Davis and Mr. A. G. Dunlop, who were submitting a fairy castle to close examination



Inspecting the names in the Bachelors' Ball guest book were Miss Judy Middleton and Mr. Maxwell Axten



Mr. John Mew had an interested audience in Miss Sheila Peate, Miss Lavinia Thomson and Mr. Brian Waters as they rested for a short time after supper was served



Miss Phæbe Wooderson was partnered by Mr. Dudley Clifton as they took the floor for a fox-trot



Greatly amused by the midnight cabaret were Mr. Michael Saunders, Miss Angela Vint, Mr. Anthony Vint, Miss Julie Antrobus, Miss Rosemary Geake and Mr. John Hatherell



Miss Lois Bryant and Mr. William Richardson were smiling happily as they danced a waltz during the evening



As the programme got well under way Miss Catherine Burgess was invited to dance by Mr. P. Gearing



Miss Diane Hackett and Mr. Antony Plummer relaxed in front of the fireplace in the hall, and enjoyed a quiet smoke and a drink whilst watching their friends arrive

O'Neill



F. J. Goodman

M. JEAN-JACQUES CARNAL and his wife walk in the garden of their home, Clermont, Lausanne, Switzerland. M. Carnal is the second son of M. Henri Carnal, whose family founded the world-famous school Chateau Du Rosey, which has numbered among its pupils H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, the Crown Prince of Italy and the Shah of Persia. An American by birth, Mme. Jean-Jacques Carnal's family have extensive property in Alabama

Priscilla in Paris

Pot-Pourri at Versailles

ONE hopes that by the time this reaches print there will be a new President in France . . . unless, of course, M. Vincent Auriol has been obliged to come to the rescue.

Home from the din and excitement of the first day at Versailles I was preparing to set down my impressions. It was past midnight, I had been hearing and speaking *journalèse* all day and I was thinking in headlines. "Pot-pourri," I headed the page—and then wondered. I have lived in this beautiful land so long that I often find myself doubtful about the meaning of French words that familiarity has Anglicised. Consulted, *Chambers's Dictionary*

informs me that "pot-pourri" stands for many things: "A ragoût of meats, vegetables, etc. . . . A mixture of sweet-scented materials. . . . A medley of musical airs . . ." and: "A literary production composed of unconnected parts." Reassured, I see no reason to change my title.

To call the Lucullan menu of the traditional *déjeuner* at the famous Trianon Palace a *ragoût* is merely a gastronomic understatement. Sweet-scented materials, however, were present in abundance; for example, Mme. Jean-Pierre Laniel, the Premier's attractive, red-headed daughter-in-law, could easily step into the dainty shoes of Mme. Paul Auriol who, being the *grands couturiers'* ideal, is one of the best-dressed women in France.

Mme. Abrami, Mme. Paul Reynaud, Mme. André Marie and Mme. Jacquinet are as quietly elegant as sweet-smelling mignonette, and Mme. Irène Fourcade is like a beautiful rose. Mme. Germaine Rouver, of the Comédie Française, who in private life is Mme. Yvon Delbos, was present, accompanied by Mme. Mary Bell and Mme. Beatrice Bretty, also of the Comédie, whose late husband, Minister Mandel, was killed during Occupation. All these ladies are the essence of perfumed femininity.

The "medley of musical airs" was supplied by the strains of radios, klaxons, loud-speakers and television sets that worked overtime all over France and deafened the unfortunate sightseers who had sought a few moments' respite in the many small (and, that day, sorely overcrowded) restaurants well away from the château. As for the "literary production composed of unconnected parts," delete "literary" and the rest of the definition, I fear, serves to describe the whole business of the election . . . in the early days, at all events!

VERSAILLES is greatly in the news this year, so many parties and galas have been organised to raise funds for the restoration of the finest palace in the world. Recently, Sacha Guitry's long-announced historical film, *Si Versailles M'était Conté*, has had its world-première, with all due pomp and circumstance, at the Grand Opéra House. There was flood-lighting, there were palms-in-pots, and there was the Garde Republicaine, in its best white pants and most brilliant top-boots. There were also all the political personages who were not busy rehearsing for their own little première and, of course, all the stars who have appeared in Sacha's film.

Need one say, therefore, that the immense Opéra House was "filled to capacity"? Such lovely frocks, such frilled shirt-fronts. Such "Ooooh's" and "Aaaah's" from the pavement fans who watched the *beau monde* climb those tricky stone steps outside the Opéra.

EVERYONE was cheered, from Claudette Colbert to Orson Welles, Edith Piaf to Tino Rossi, Danièle Delorme to Micheline Presle, Gerard Philippe to Fernand Gravet, Jean-Louis Barrault to Jean Marais and . . . but everyone knows the rest of the names by heart, since they all took pains to inform us, via "film news," how they were giving up their summer holiday last August in order to appear in the Master's picture. This between ourselves, because every starlet, walk-on and stand-in who could manage to grab a line to say, or merely a greased-lightning appearance, was in the cast. One could not afford not to be part of the pageant. It was just one of those things.

Enfin!

● Paris wants to know: Who was the Deputy, wearing a red tie, who dashed out of the Congress Hall crying: "My car! Where is MY car!" just as the French equivalent of a "Black Maria" was passing. And who was his Right Wing confrère who, pointing to it, cried: "There it is!"?

TWO YOUNG PEOPLE GREET THE GLAD NEW YEAR

BUT with this difference. The Hon. Victoria Warrender, born in 1952, meets it with a gaily insouciant air, seeing nothing but fun in the crystal. While her brother, the Hon. Anthony, with two years additional experience, is more cautious. Newly arrived parcels, in general, are very promising—but no undue raptures until they are opened. These delightful youngsters are the children of Lord and Lady Bruntisfield





The beautiful elaboration of a sixteenth-century mirror gave the reflections of Mrs. Adrienne Tucker and Mr. Alexander Stewart the appearance of a framed picture. It is in the Charles II room, one of many apartments specially opened for the guests to see



Miss Priscilla Coode-Adams and Mr. John Ryall were admiring the noble main staircase, each section of which is carved from one piece of timber. The ball was held at Dunster Castle by permission of Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell, President of the St. John Ambulance Division at Minehead

A BALL IN SOMERSET'S OLDEST CASTLE

DUNSTER, only survivor of twelve Norman castles in Somerset, was the picturesque background of a ball, attended by the Lord Lieutenant, in aid of the Council of the Order of St. John in the county. An evening of happily contrasting pleasures was spent by those who came to "the gate of Exmoor" to support a cause which has carried on its work in unbroken sequence for nine hundred years



Mrs. Geoffrey F. Luttrell, County President of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, received the company with the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Hylton



Mrs. Clyde Smith was joined by Mr. George Heath in a foxtrot. There was a champagne supper, and dancing until 3 a.m.



The Chief Constable of Somerset, Mr. J. E. Ryall, was enjoying a joke with Col. Cecil Midford-Slade. Both are county officers of St. John's



Hunting pink was prominent at the ball. Here Miss Nicole Dansey and Sir Terence Falkiner, Bt., were chatting with Major Michael Fox, M.F.H., and Mrs. Fox



Capt. R. Fleming, Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. Julian Luttrell were having champagne in a room set aside for refreshments



At the tombola table, run by members of the St. John Ambulance, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Brunton checked their score



On the stairs Major and Mrs. R. T. Baxter and Col. R. E. Harenc waited for the band to strike up again



Miss Patricia Parkes and Mr. Peter Cantan were sitting out in an upper hall famous for its portraits. The castle, which is rich in historical treasures, has belonged to only two families throughout its history. The original keep and thirteenth-century gateway remain, and most of the rest is Elizabethan

W. Morris



Frank Buckingham

JEANNE CRAIN, one of Hollywood's loveliest actresses to visit these shores during recent months, has been filming in the new Associated British-Marcel Hellman Technicolor production *Duel In The Jungle*, co-starring with Dana Andrews and David Farrar. In private life the wife of Mr. Paul Brinkman, owner of an engineering factory in the U.S., Miss Crain is the mother of four children ranging in age from one and a half to seven years. A professional model before beginning her film career, she is considered one of the best of the postwar actresses, her best remembered performances including *Margie*, *State Fair*, her only other appearance with Dana Andrews, a dramatic rôle in *Pinkie* and more recently *Vickie* and *City Of Bad Men*

Standing By ...

• D. B. Wyndham Lewis •

HAVING the choice of weapons when he fights his forthcoming duel (*vide* Press) with the Marquis de Valcarcel-O'Reilly, such a well-known *aficionado* of 18th-century graces as the Marquis de Cuevas will naturally, one trusts, elect for rapiers, candle-light and a spacious tapestried hall.

One other "must" of correct 18th-century duelling might be added for decorative purposes—namely the essential sweetheart with parted lips and heaving bosom, holding up the lighted silver candelabra in the background; preferably poised on an oaken staircase just above the combatants, her dainty features expressing womanly anguish mingled with natural gratification. To serious chaps concentrating on a nifty final thrust in tierce this baby must have been a distracting bore; which would partly explain why she didn't appear in an interesting candle-light duel at Manchester in 1760, fought to a finish in a local tavern, and reported in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May. Doubtless the landlord highly approved the lady's absence ("Ee, they nobbut mooock it oop, tha knows"), for very brisk work ensued—five minutes to the kill—and the room could then be booked afresh.

Afterthought

TO us this incident seems to show incidentally that the purdah-system in Manchester is much older than the Free Trade movement, which is said to have inspired it. To get one of the local candelabra-mems at short notice in 1760 probably meant a lot of parleying with guards and unlocking grilles. You can hear those Manchester chaps saying the hell with her, time is brass.

Needle

"I'M etching a lot nowadays," a Chelsea type confided to a healthy-looking chap the other day, in our hearing; to which the healthy citizen sympathetically replied: "Why don't you see a dermatologist, old boy?" Such misconceptions are doubtless an occupational risk in the etching racket. Etchers etching in the open air likewise risk adverse or (worse) advisory comment from the populace, like one we saw at work on the Pont-Neuf in Paris some time ago, purple with rage.

However, an etcher describing his experiences in a London street to Auntie *Times* the other day plied his ready needle with a policeman at his elbow, a precaution which can hardly have improved his style, one fears. Suffering alone inspires great art, as everybody knows. A broken heart is

just fine. Some of the finest poems in the English language are by gentlemen either howling over agonies inflicted by mopsies of various kinds, or about to invite them. We wouldn't labour this obvious theme, except that citizens who keep mumbling bitterly about the Royal Academy invariably miss this crucial point. A few deep lines graven by anguish on those placid shining Academical pans are what is required. Well-placed jabs from some heartless floozie using his own needle might turn an average etcher into a Meryon or a Whistler.

We urge the boys not to hide behind policemen, to begin with. It is not only bad for their art but unworthy of the New Elizabethan Spirit; unless, of course, they can pick the cop's pockets meanwhile. (End message.)

Whimsy

"**W**aterloo! Waterloo! Waterloo! *morne plaine!*"—Victor Hugo's cry conceivably inspired the unknown citizens who essayed to brighten up Waterloo's dreary plain the other night by painting the bronze lion of the Wellington Monument white on a red base. They hadn't time to complete the colour-scheme with blue, apparently.

As to motive, it might well be that these thinkers were with the Island Race and against the Germans on the embarrassing question of who actually won the battle, unless of course they were expressing in tricolor the Bonapartist claim that Napoleon won on points, being let down inexplicably at the last moment by Grouchy, Ney, and Reille. The ensuing booksy war-of-annihilation between the principal brasses involved was not yet a post-armistice routine, or there 'd be a few more candidates, no doubt. Our personal conviction is that George IV. won the battle of Waterloo by personally leading a charge of the Tenth Hussars, as he himself firmly believed for some time. Contemporary critics who put this down to curacao overlooked Byron's tribute (we quote from memory):

... a bloody bier,
And having fallen twice on
Brighton Pier,
He rush'd into the field, and,
foremost fighting, fell.

Footnote

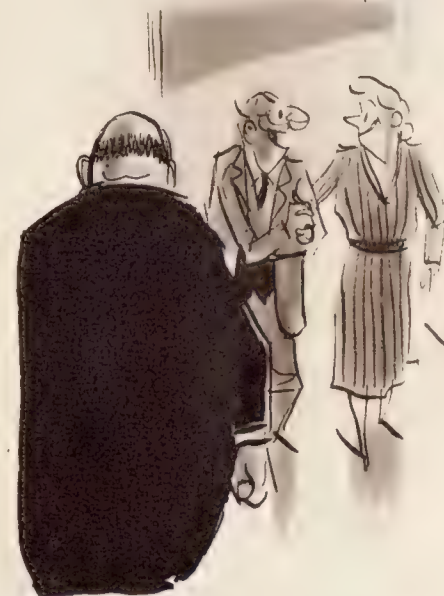
ANYWAY, we may add, Napoleon is out. He was not present at Waterloo, or indeed anywhere, having—an educated chap tells us—been proved a total myth some years ago by a German authority, Herr Professor Rabert ("Hat Napoleon Gelebt?") Lutz of Stuttgart. We are now taking you over to Mo Muckbaum and his Merrie Marauders, if we have to drag you by the hair.

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Don't see why one need pay to have 'em turned"



BRIGGS

by Graham

At The Pictures

Grace Moore's
Achievement

• Freda Bruce Lockhart •



Ann Blyth and Robert Taylor in "All the Brothers Were Valiant"

GRACE MOORE was never a great singer, but she was not to be too scornfully dismissed as a singing film star. By a combination of good fortune and hard work she made herself pre-eminent in two fairly shallow ponds. She was one of very few singers to graduate against considerable private opposition and public mockery from musical comedy on Broadway to grand opera at the Metropolitan and beyond. And if she was an operatic film star, she was the most consistently successful there has been. In *One Night of Love* she went far towards

doing what television is struggling in vain to do: make opera popular with the masses.

Kathryn Grayson, who plays the title-role in *The Grace Moore Story* (Warner), has always been the other kind of film star, strictly lightweight (artistically, not only physically, as Grace Moore also was), with a voice strong and true rather than beautiful or warm like Grace Moore's.

As the heroine of Grace Moore's success story, Miss Grayson scores a thoroughly satisfactory success of her own, culminating in a full-dress rendering on the stage of the "Met" of *Mi chiamano Mimi*, much more considerable than anything we have previously heard her do and almost as good as Grace Moore's own competent *La Bohème* at Covent Garden before the war.

THIS debut at the Metropolitan ends the film where Grace Moore's success really began. By thus confining itself to her early struggles, the film evades the necessity of showing the unhappy ending in her tragically premature death. The triumphant Metropolitan reception may cause mild surprise to-day. But the film, as a whole, commands more respect and liking than the average Hollywood musicobiography or success story, perhaps because it had Miss Moore's own simple narrative to follow. Miss Grayson has been made-up to look quite startlingly like Grace Moore—largely a question of line and of hair-style and colour. Her singing is nearly enough in the same class, and, most important, she and the film succeed in conveying some of that warm, straightforward niceness which endeared Grace Moore to many even of those colleagues who did not take her singing *au grand sérieux*.

RUSSIAN singing and dancing are without doubt more thrilling. At the Continental, *Concert of Stars* provides one of those sumptuous recordings of ballet and opera which are proving, perhaps, the first line the Soviet film-makers have struck in simple entertainment.

Frankly true to its title, like the previous *Gala Festival*, this is literally a recorded concert, a mixed bill of ballet and opera from the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, and the Kirov Opera House, Leningrad, in lovely Russian colouring. Culminating in the exquisite Ulanova's dancing of the waltz from *Les Sylphides*, this is a treat so lavish that it is a pity that the supporting French film, *Love in a Vineyard*, should be of such abysmal mediocrity as only a poor French "B" picture can be.

No doubt now M.-G.-M. have given public recognition to the likeness between their two leading men, Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger, they will find better stories for the pair than *All the Brothers Were Valiant* (Empire). All the same, this tale of brotherly rivalry for girls, pearls and whales, and of mutiny on the South Seas, is performed with so much skill and zest, and on so large a scale and screen, that there is scarcely time to notice how silly it all is. Mr. Taylor as the more responsible brother almost creates a character. Ann Blyth, as his wife, suffers from being the only woman on board the whaler.



Lady Burghley, H.R.H. Prince Axel of Denmark, Lord Burghley, K.C.M.G., President of the Circus, who made the inaugural speech, and Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein were having a preliminary discussion

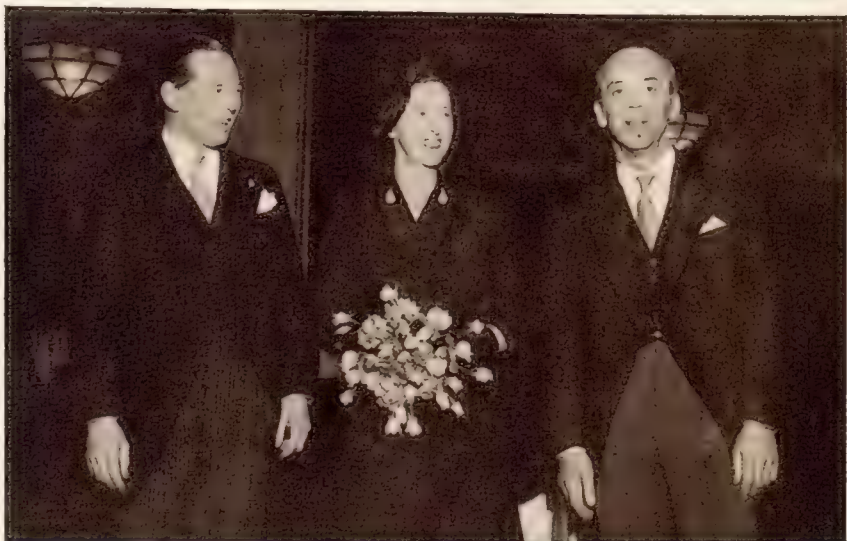


Mrs. Ronald R. Pickering, wife of the director and secretary, received a bouquet. She was with Mrs. Guy Fountain.



Lady Buckhurst and the Countess of Westmorland studied the list of guests numbering several hundred

THE CIRCUS LUNCHEON at Olympia given by Mr. Cyril Mills and Mr. Bernard Mills, and regarded as the start of the Christmas festivities, was once again a distinguished and enjoyable event. There was a reception before the very original and well-arranged luncheon, which is described by Jennifer on page 6



Mr. Cyril Mills, Mrs. Cyril Mills and Mr. Bernard Mills waited to receive the company, who after luncheon enjoyed a circus performance equalling any seen at Olympia over the years

Gabor Denes



SIR GEORGE BARNES, quiet and determined founder of the Third Programme, which has now weathered the major storms of controversy, brings not only enthusiasm, but great coolness and outstanding administrative ability to the task of introducing order into the bewildering television territory; qualities recognised when the Queen knighted him on her visit to the Lime Grove Studios last year

Baron



BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A VERY prosperous-looking woman entered the office of a noted divorce lawyer.

"I want to know whether I have grounds for divorce," she commented.

"Are you married?" inquired the lawyer.

"Of course."

"Then you've grounds."

ONE night a certain politician was haranguing farmers at a meeting in the local village hall to increase their food crops. After a long speech showing that he knew very little of his subject, he concluded with a ringing command: "Plant every acre—no matter how small!"

MANY messages are reputed to have been written under stamps during the last war to escape the censor's eye.

One of these messages ran: "Be sure and note the message under the stamp. My whole future may depend on it."

Quickly the censor steamed off the stamp. Underneath he found this: "I hope it wasn't too hard to get off!"

A DOCTOR was called up in the night by telephone with a request that he should go to a remote farmhouse to treat a sick baby. He asked the way and was given elaborate directions. "I'll hang a lantern on the front porch," added the farmer, "and then you won't miss it."

The doctor travelled back and forth along the road several times, but couldn't see the light. So he went back home and telephoned the farmer. "I'm afraid you'll have to give me those directions again," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Doc," the farmer said cheerfully. "The baby got better after I called you—so I just took down the lantern."

Nearly as Good As Everest

OUR forefathers did not mind being fat and forty. They regarded obesity as a companionable guest, not as an anti-social intruder. We, on the other hand, live in an age which hankers after stream-line in men, women and motor-cars,

So, in the search for a fashionable contour, some slosh and puff and drip in squash-courts; some, like Sisyphus, vainly urge the stony-hearted ball up the banks of Stygian bunkers.

Do you wish to reduce? Do you hope for an uninterrupted view of your feet? Do you want to have the figure as well as the mind of Apollo? You do. Very well. Then may I recommend a visit to an Art Exhibition. Preferably in London.

Right. You're on the way to that Exhibition. You start off by going to the wrong address. You find yourself at the counter in the offices of a Shipping Company. You search for the card of invitation in four pockets. That is good for the hand and shoulder muscles. You find you should be on the other side of the street. You look both ways and, side-stepping a taxi-cab, get there. That is good for the neck, the co-ordination and the vocabulary.

GETTING warmer. The lift that should raise you upwards to the land of promise is out of such action as it was ever in. There are fifty-eight steps. They are good for the legs and the lungs. Already you feel younger; almost fit for the next Everest Expedition.

And now the game hots up; a three-cornered contest with pictures, spectacles and catalogue. If your spectacles are on, you can see the number in the catalogue, but not the picture. If they're off, you can see the picture, but not the number in the catalogue. Never say die. You take your spectacles on and off with the left hand, and try to turn the pages of the catalogue with the right. Sooner rather than later the catalogue drops on the floor. You stoop and pick it up. More good news for the abdomen and the kidneys; offsetting the loss of a braces-button at the back of the trousers and the appearance of frog-spawn in front of the eyes.

IN a sort of cave off Gallery III. two ladies of secretarial demeanour are taking tea.

You would like to join them. But tannin is notoriously bad for the pancreas. Anyhow, time is nearly up. So, after a last glance at the Artist's Great-Aunt Looking at the New Wallpaper, you go to get your coat and hat. By now there are six other coats and four other hats on top of yours. Once more, inexpressibly good for the old abdomen and kidneys. Less good for the remaining braces-button at the back. No matter. Down twenty of the fifty-eight steps. Up again to pick up the catalogue you'd promised to bring home for Cousin Alfred. Down, right down the fifty-eight steps. Into the street, twenty-five years younger. Squash players? Golfers? Equestrians? They are mere idlers; flaneurs. Take your exercise at the Art Exhibition. Half-an-hour will do. *Ars Brevis, Vita Longa.*

—R. C. Robertson-Glasgow



Young followers enjoying wine, cigarettes and conversation were Mr. Ian Traill, Miss Susanne Shentall, Mr. Philip Worthington, Mr. John Culshaw and Miss Valerie Worthington



Lord Crawshaw, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt., Miss Carolyn Buchanan and Mr. Adam Kwiatkowski



Smiling quartet were Mr. Ronald Farnham, Miss Jill Ruddle, Miss Sara Proctor and Miss Jane Aldington

GREAT OCCASION IN THE GRASS COUNTRY

FOR 200 years the Quorn has hunted the fox over the rolling Leicestershire fields, and the year 1953 was one of high celebration. Recently the bi-centenary ball was held at Swithland Hall, Loughborough, home of the Earl of Lanesborough, where more than 300 danced, supped and spoke of the days of the first Master, Mr. Hugo Meynell



Talking over some of their experiences at the season's meets were Major Richard Crosfield, Miss Judith Farnham, Miss Susan Whadcoat, Mrs. Richard Crosfield and Mr. Ronald Farnham



Major the Hon. R. Strutt, Master of the Quorn, and the Duchess of Rutland were contemplating joining in a fox-trot



Major and Mrs. David Hodson had retired to an ante-room for a while before going back to the festivities



Beneath the great mirror an exchange of invitations to the dance was taking place between Mr. R. W. Shacklock, Mrs. Stuart-Whyte, Mrs. Shacklock and Mr. Denis Stuart-Whyte

Swaebe

Flying

Oliver Stewart

A Bad Year Ahead For The Barrier

As the old year went out, aviation, with the celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary of the first successful aeroplane flight by the Wright brothers, was doing all the looking back that is good for it. The time now comes to look forward. For 1954 there is no heavily charged programme as there was for 1953; but there is promise of even greater achievement. In fact, there is only one field wherein, I am sorry to say, there is no sign of advance, and that is the field of private flying.

For the rest it looks as if aeronautical miracles are going to be two a penny. Museum curators and collectors of veteran aircraft will be eyeing covetously any military machines not capable of piercing the sonic barrier. That barrier is in a bad way, for there will be new aeroplanes which can not only go through it flying straight and level, but also pass to a speed much higher than that of sound on the other side. There will be bigger and better sonic bangers.

On the transport side there will be the Comet 2, with its longer range capabilities and larger payload. And the machine that promises to become the most popular aeroplane in the world (displacing the DC3) will be coming out of its new factory at the rate of six or eight a month. It is the Vickers Viscount and the factory is at Hurn.

Then I trust that I am giving no secrets away when I mention that experiments are going on with certain new ways of flying. We may see one at least of these demonstrated during the year. If so it will shake up many people's ideas as to the state of development reached by the flying-machine.

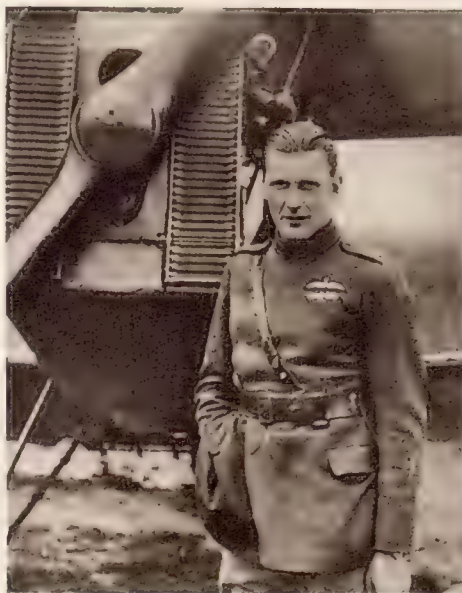
I DESCRIBED, a week or so ago, the attractions of the new Air France "Epicurean service" as it is now being operated, with Viscounts. Shortly after my trips out to Paris and back on this service, I had a chance to look over the new works at Hurn. Weybridge has turned out its last Viscount and Hurn has taken over and produced and tested its first Viscount. George Edwards, whom I saw at Hurn, emphasised that the idea that we in this country are incapable of producing aircraft at a high rate is rubbish. The production rate at Hurn would reach 100 a year, which is as good as anything done anywhere else in the world. But he also emphasised that production rates had to be related to entries in the order book. The Viscount rate can be so high because the orders are rolling in from all over the place.

I think that the mistaken ideas about production rates are the consequence of confusion between military and civilian orders. Military orders are not related to a "real" demand, but to estimates made by defence departments. And if a defence department says that thousands of a certain aeroplane are necessary, they are ordered, no matter what the taxpayer, who foots the bill, thinks about it. But with transport aircraft every order is a "real" order, in that the need must be held to warrant the price paid by the organisation which places the order.

British European Airways is the biggest Viscount user at the moment, and is now earning profits with this aircraft at the rate of £64 a flying hour—a great tribute, surely, to the sound economics of the turbine transport. Incidentally, the chairman of B.E.A., Lord Douglas, celebrated his sixtieth birthday just before Christmas, and he could have given many of those who were celebrating the Wright brothers' achievement information about the development of aviation in the early days. For Sholto Douglas is one of the few people who has first-hand experience of all three sides of aviation: the technical, the military and the commercial.

He was a test pilot for some years, he flew and fought in World War One in the Royal Flying Corps, and he was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command Middle East and Coastal Command in World War Two. His piloting experience covers many types of machine, including several of the reputedly "awkward" early single-seaters. He is one of the limited few who hold the rank of Marshal of the Royal Air Force. In fact, the only thing I have against him is that I believe he is a football fan! Sholto Douglas and Peter Masefield deserve the fullest credit for having led B.E.A. along the right lines.

ALTHOUGH I promised in my first paragraph that I would be looking forward, I must make a brief reference back to the 50th anniversary of flight celebrations. Just before the dinner in London, Mr. J. Y. Watson arrived from Perthshire with a large amount of documentary evidence concerning the pioneer work of his brother, the late Preston Watson. Mr. Watson took, in all respects, a very proper attitude. He told me that the last thing he wished to do was to embarrass anybody by casting



STANDING BESIDE HIS S.E.5. A World War One picture of Lord Douglas, who was a squadron commander in the R.F.C., gaining many decorations



LORD DOUGLAS of Kirtleside, chairman of B.E.A. since 1949, is one of the ten Marshals of the R.A.F.

doubt on established priorities; but his brother was working on a practical aeroplane in 1903 (the year of the Wrights' first flight), and he desired that some credit should be given his brother for that work.

Mr. Watson would have been prepared to attend the commemorative dinner and to have given the Royal Aeronautical Society and the Royal Aero Club his views. But eventually he did not attend. I confess I gained the impression that the whole affair had been rather hushed up, for what reason I do not know. It seems that in Dundee there is a fairly widely held belief that Preston Watson did make brief, straight flights about the time the Wright brothers were doing their early work. And it seems quite well established that a few years later Preston Watson had built an aircraft capable of controlled and sustained flight.

I have scrutinised photographs of the aircraft and I think that it might well have been capable of controlled flight for short periods. I have heard only one objection to the Watson claim and that is: Why was it not heard of earlier? That seems a curiously weak objection when it is a matter of history that only three American papers thought the Wrights' first flight was worth reporting, and that nobody knew anything about it or had heard of it until several years afterwards.

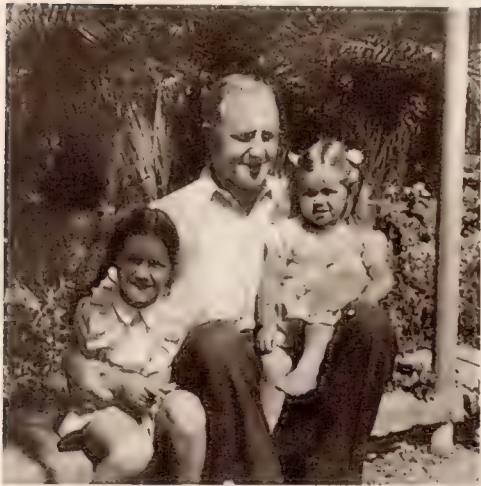
PIONEERS do not always realise that they are pioneers and that is why some early achievements are short of documentation and witnesses. I personally was extremely well impressed by the Watson claim, though I would not attempt to put a date to the flights. But I feel that Mr. Watson did well to attempt to draw attention to the work that was done by his brother.

Two interesting features of the Watson aircraft (whether 1903 or later does not much matter, for it was certainly pre-1909) are the tail, which is a box structure and might have been derived from the Hargrave box-kite work, and the lateral control system. This consisted of a small plane, above the main plane, tilted by means of a hanging stick. The hanging stick resembled that used by Cierva in the Autogiro many years later. The tilting top plane could have given lateral control through the action of its lift component; but whether it would have been good lateral control is another question.

I believe that the Dundee Museum has supporting evidence for the Watson claim and I hope that the matter will eventually be sorted out satisfactorily.



PAULA ADMIRES HER PET BIRD at her home in Sundern, Germany, and wonders whether the time has come for its next feed. She is the fair-haired daughter of S/Ldr. Ron Noble, D.F.C., and Mrs. Noble



JANE AND VIRGINIA with their father, Lt.-Cdr. P. Tunbridge, R.N., in the garden of their home at Thurles Close, Fakenham, Norfolk



OFF FOR A WALK goes eighteen-month-old Linda Robertson. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robertson, of Clovelly Drive, Hillside, Southport



FROM MALAYA comes this picture of Gail Burkitt, who is nearly three, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. G. Burkitt



A WINNING SMILE from Jocelyn Carola Lamb, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lamb. Her father is with the Colonial Administrative Service, Nyasaland



SITTING ON THE WALL is Andrea, aged eighteen months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKinnell. Their home is Red Roof Cottage, Elstree, Hertfordshire



John French

Fashion Choice of the Week

WE chose this very lovely navy blue wool afternoon dress by Henri Gowns, because it combines extreme simplicity with extreme sophistication. Its beautiful neckline, drawn up to a knot on the shoulder, its belt-less waist and narrow well-cut skirt combine to produce the sort of elegance we all sigh for. It is stocked by Marshall & Snelgrove, Model Gown Department, and costs 20½ guineas

—MARIEL DEANS

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

WELL, at last we have struggled over the border into 1954, though it feels rather like a smuggled journey in a sack through barbed wire. As a family we are beginning to recover, too, from the compulsion to make good resolutions. This, ingrained in youth with as much thoroughness as teeth-cleaning, I find impossible to resist.

Every year, for instance, I make a resolution to be tidy. For a week or so progress is slowed to a snail's pace while I shut cupboards and drawers after myself—while I design a place for everything so that if there is a fire in the middle of the night I shall be able to find whatever one needs for fires without having to exclaim, "One of the children must have taken it!" Still, everything comes to an end—soon the house will revert to its normal restful chaos—soon we shall have forgotten there ever was a New Year.

ONE resolution I do intend to keep. These holidays we've been to several children's parties at which a howling mass of maladjusted psychotics, average age eight, were calmed into breathless hush by the appearance of a mother who played the piano. She didn't just laboriously interpret from a sheet of music—she calmly sat down and with a confident smile dashed off a string of nursery rhymes, popular songs and singing games, imposing on the gathering if not quiet, at least an organized, planned pandemonium.

I can *play* all right if somebody has some music and if I have brought my glasses. I am therefore a dead loss at children's parties (my own included) and, when I politely offer to help, am relegated to the kitchen to help wash up more glasses. But not next year. In 1954 I am going to learn to play something from memory, all spontaneous, so help me. . . .

★ ★ ★

I HAVE achieved a minor triumph in heat conservation. Last summer we had a new boiler, a superior one, coated with a cream enamel which makes one forget its connection with coalmines. Twice a day we riddle it—its coke consumption is almost what the makers say—we are no longer slaves to our hot water system ("Quick! The water's hot! Who wants a bath *now*?") All we do is turn the tap.

We also possess what must be the only warm bathroom in Britain. This is due not to the boiler makers, but to my obduracy in the face of contemporary propaganda. "Lag pipes—lag hot water tank! Keep heat in!" everyone shouted at us. I said that the bathroom is just over the boiler and that there's only about

(Continued overleaf)



Mary Black's beautiful wild-silk afternoon dress in grey-blue, white and brown, has a cleverly folded bodice and a very full skirt. It comes from Marshall & Snelgrove, model gowns dept. The hat is of white fancy straw

"FROM FIVE O'CLOCK ONWARDS"

FOUR dresses designed (writes Mariel Deans) for those pleasant hours that come when the day's work is done and we can relax and amuse ourselves and each other. Photographed at the Washington Hotel in Curzon St., they come from London's new spring collections and are destined to carry you well ahead into the spring and summer. The hats have been very kindly lent by Madame Vernier →

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

twelve feet of pipe involved—also that the hot tank lives in an airing cupboard in the bathroom. Why couldn't we have pipes and tank exposed to heat kitchen and bathroom at only a slight extra coke cost? They fought me all along the line with the obstinacy of painters insisting that the paint you want isn't dead white but a nice warm cream. In the end I won. We have a bathroom and kitchen which can be entered with pleasure on a winter's morning. In summer, by opening the windows, we let the superfluous heat into the great outdoors, where it is usually very welcome. To be sure, everyone who visits us tends to remark "Of course, you're going to have those pipes lagged, aren't you?" But I am non-committal.

★ ★ ★

AT this time of the year inferiority, yet again, raises its awful head along with those of bulbs in pots. Every August, as those Technicolored catalogues plop through the letter-box, I tell myself "Now is the time!" and daydream happily about fragrant rooms filled with dancing narcissus heads and flitting log-flames at one and the same Christmas time. In spirit I present my friends with bowls of crisp scarlet tulips, angular iris, sunny crocuses, bashful snowdrops.

Time slides on. I look at the price of bulbs. I reflect what a lot I have to do. I think Next Week. Mysteriously it is January, and either I have planted no bulbs at all, or I have planted the wrong kind and put them in a dark attic and forgotten to water them. While on every window-sill and coffee-table for miles around daffodils are nodding, tulips prancing—or at worst a few pale spears jut from the black fibre. There is next year, of course. . . .

★ ★ ★

THE oncoming of a long-scheduled dinner-party (it's been being called "some time in the New Year" for months) reminds me that it's really time I thought up a new vegetable. The trouble is I like the one we keep on having. The specialité of our maison is cabbage. I am devoted to cabbage in every form except that in which it is served at inexpensive restaurants, school "dinners" and most normal households. Stuffed with minced meat, garlic, rice, tomato shredded with lemon and olive oil and onion—fried with caraway seeds—casseroled with a brace of elderly stewing partridges—all these ways are wonderful. Best of all I love it half cooked. Along with two ounces of butter (my family is encouraged to like its butter ration cooked rather than spread), I stew slowly a sliced onion, some celery chopped to slivers, three or four skinned tomatoes, and all except the outside leaves of a large cabbage, shredded.

This, appropriately salted, stews in its own juice until it is soft with a suspicion of crispness—about 15 to 20 minutes. Afterwards I stir in about an ounce of Jordan almonds, skinned and cut lengthwise. I have never succeeded in making enough of this to have left-overs, but I hope to, one day.

—Diana Gillon



"FROM FIVE O'CLOCK ONWARDS"

Elizabeth Henry designed the pretty grey dress, made of a silk and wool mixture, on the opposite page. It shows an adaptation of the princess line and has a straight, narrow skirt. Margaret Marks, of Knightsbridge, have it in stock

This dress below is made from wild silk in a dark orange, patterned with black, has a low neck with a black satin fold, and more black satin springing in a panel from the middle of the back. A Mercia frock it comes from 10 Cavendish Place

(Continued overleaf)





"FROM FIVE O'CLOCK ONWARDS"

An enchantingly pretty short evening dress by Julian Rose. Made of black velvet embossed organza over a white foundation, it has a wide, boat-shaped neck and a very full skirt. Libertys stock it. The hat is Madame Vernier's shell of black velvet with a white feather wing framing the face



Patricia Sothcott

The art of putting on a party face lies in skilful make-up, to bring it to life and give it radiance

Straightforward Guide To Beauty

• Jean Cleland •

THERE are times when the life of a beauty writer—like that of Gilbert and Sullivan's policeman—is not a happy one. If she talks about some of the simple, but very necessary, guides to beauty, the sophisticated say "Pooh! There's nothing new there, we know that already." If on the other hand she leaves those things alone, as having been said too often before, and concentrates on the latest discoveries and scientific aspects, the less knowledgeable say, "Why don't you tell us more about the everyday kind of things we most want to know."

IFELT this strongly yesterday when talking to a friend who was getting ready to go to a party. "I'm pretty successful," she said, "in choosing a frock, but I'm far from happy when it comes to putting on the right sort of face to go with it. In other words, I'm decidedly shaky about make-up. Why don't you set forth the whole procedure quite simply? I am sure I am not the only confused one who would be glad of it."

Here then, for those who would find it helpful (others can by-pass it and turn to more profitable pages) is a straightforward guide to make-up as done by the experts in beauty

salons throughout the country and the world.

1. Cleanse the face in whichever way suits it best.

2. Pat with tonic to close the pores and stimulate the circulation, then, while the skin is still slightly damp, pat on tiny blobs of foundation cream all over the face and forehead. Don't use too much, and start by patting it into the skin. When it is well distributed, smooth it in with the finger-tips until you have an absolutely even surface. Cream is best for a dry skin, but for an oily one use a liquid. Apply this as quickly as possible, to avoid streaking, first with a pad of cotton wool wrung out in cold water, then with the fingers, until you get a perfect finish.

3. Cream rouge is the usual choice in the salons (except, perhaps, in the case of a very oily skin), but it takes longer to apply than the dry variety, and must be done skilfully. Tap the cheek-bones very gently to bring up the colour, then, where this appears, pat on a suspicion of rouge, blending it into the skin until it becomes part of the natural colouring. It should do no more than add the faintest extra flush. Fade it out under the eyes, and *up* and *out* towards the top of the ears. If extra colour is needed later, this can always be added with a dust of dry rouge.

4. Place a tissue over the face, and pat down on to the skin to "blot off" surplus grease.

NEXT with a pad of cotton wool or clean powder-puff, press in a fairly liberal supply of powder all over the face and forehead, and take care to carry it under the chin, along the jaw-line and down the neck.

To get a flawless surface, lightly dust off the surplus with a little make-up brush, which gives a really lovely finish.

6. Remove powder from eyelids with a little cream, then pat on the merest suggestion of shade.

7. Brush the upper lashes lightly with mascara. Wash the brush quite clean before doing so, and keep the lids half closed while you brush, so that the lashes are curled up and back.

8. Brush the eyebrows into a smooth arch with an eyebrow brush, and if they are very dry, use a spot of brilliantine to give them a sheen. Should they need darkening, finish by stroking the hairs very lightly with an eyebrow pencil. Do not press too firmly, as this makes a hard line that looks heavy and unnatural.

9. To get a really soft make-up for the mouth, apply the lipstick with a lip brush. In this way it goes on with perfect smoothness. (Helena Rubinstein makes an excellent little automatic one.)

AFAMOUS beautician describes make-up as "The art that conceals Art." It is not quite as simple as it seems, but once achieved, it produces a radiance as subtle as it is deceptive. "Such a lovely skin," say the beholders, "and so natural. Not a *scrap* of make-up." The laugh is on them.





"Chin chin," "Hei hei," "Skål" and "Saúde." All of which adds up to the same thing, which is "Good Health" in British, Finnish, Scandinavian and Portuguese. There are many others, as you can see, on this most original cocktail set, comprising mixing glass, plated spoon and six cocktail glasses, complete with a "Good Health" list in many languages. Price £9 10s. from Mappin & Webb



Cocktails?

THIS being the season for cocktail parties, writes Jean Cleland, and all manner of festive gatherings, these gay and amusing things have been chosen to add a note of jollity to the proceedings. For an outstanding drink I refer you to I. Bickerstaff's discovery on page 15 of this issue

WHEN the party is over and glasses have to be washed, you can be happy in your work with these novelty Irish linen glass cloths, called "Velocipede" and "The Joker," at 5s. 9d. each from Harvey Nichols

THE host or hostess who can produce this splendid cockerel for their party will have something to crow about. Made of carved sycamore, to hold coloured plastic cocktail sticks, it costs £2 17s. 6d., and can be had from Harrods, Knightsbridge





BARGAIN THIS WEEK. How does your garden grow? Your indoor plants can be kept fresh with this enchanting copper watering can, which can also be used as a vase. Price 14s. 6d. empty and 25s. (approx.) filled with flowers. From Selfridge

FOR a party in the grand manner—this "champagne tray" with glass top and sycamore frame, decorated with a map of the champagne country. Price £6 15s. 9d. Also a musical bar set, with three figures with detachable heads, concealing a corkscrew, a bottle opener and a cork. By removing the centre head, you start the music going. Price £4 11s. 9d. All from Harrods



Dennis Smith



Knitted wool shirt for the hunting man, with a deep cotton neckband—£3 19s. 6d. Also at the same shop, silk foulard chokers with shaped neckband—£17s. 6d. (Noble Jones, Burlington Arcade)

Silk Shirts For Morale

THERE seems little doubt that the very noticeable trend towards more colour in men's clothes will continue throughout 1954, and this view seems to be confirmed by some of the new season's shirting materials which I have been inspecting.

Few men are more qualified to speak on shirts than Mr. Bryan Dolphin, grandson of the founder of the well-known Piccadilly firm who have been tailoring shirts for upwards of a hundred years. For 1954 he is stocking a range of the new striped jacquard materials, and satin striped poplins, which have not been seen since before the war. At approximately £5 for a hand-tailored shirt, this seems to me to represent remarkably good value for a luxury garment, bearing a famous name.

THE finest Japanese silk is once again being imported to this country, and though the price of a shirt in this material is formidable, the moral ascendancy which one gains over lesser mortals when clad in silk shirting might well be considered worth the £9 which it will cost you from a good shirtmaker.

Mr. Dolphin offers a word of warning about the laundering of silk shirts. Meticulously careful hand-laundering will give years of wear, but even one bad laundering can ruin a fine shirt. Therefore, consult your shirtmaker about a reliable laundry.

Two more trends which are noticeable in good London shirtmakers are the increasing popularity with well-dressed men of the horizontally striped shirt with the starched single cuff, and the white shirt with a detachable cuff which can be changed during the course of the day.

ONE of the most difficult sartorial problems to solve is that of the evening dress vest which either rides up the body, or bulges to display a hideous gap. Mr. Charles Emms, of Savile Row, has solved the problem after several years of experiment.

His patented dress vest is designed to fit any figure, from the slim to the emaciated, or the rotund to the frankly fat! Whether sitting or standing, the vest fits snugly around the midriff, and the cunningly devised elastic fastenings keep it so throughout the evening. In black, white, or brocade, at £4 4s. from Emms Ltd., of 17 Savile Row, W.1.

An interesting point, Mr. Emms forecasts a return to the single-breasted dinner jacket in 1954. In his view, and that of many of his confrères in Savile Row, the single-breasted jacket is much more in keeping with the move towards elegance as opposed to smartness.

— Michael Forster

ENGAGEMENTS



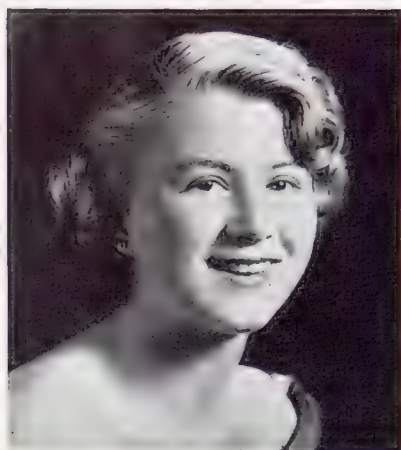
Betty Swaabe

Miss Gillian Elizabeth Grant, younger daughter of Mrs. W. Smith Grant, of Glenlivet and Orton House, Morayshire, is engaged to Capt. Ivan Charles Straker, 11th Hussars, P.A.O., only son of Major and Mrs. A. C. Straker, of Mindrum, Northumberland



Fayer

Miss Annette Bethune Stott, daughter of Dr. W. B. Stott, and of Mrs. E. S. Stott, of Shepherd House, W.1, is engaged to Lt. (S) C. A. Douds, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Douds, of Bo'ness, Scotland



Miss Ann Slacke, only daughter of Cdr. Randal Charles Slacke, R.N. (retd.), of Montreal, Canada, and of the late Mrs. Slacke, is to marry Surg. Lt.-Cdr. John M. Cliff, R.N., younger son of Mr. E. F. Cliff, C.B., and Mrs. Cliff, of Southwold, Suffolk



MACKANESS—REYNOLDS

Mr. Richard Mackaness, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mackaness, of The Manor House, Yardley Hastings, Northampton, and Miss Rosemary Nancy Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Reynolds, of Clifton, Bristol, were married at the Parish Church of Christ Church, Clifton



ATKINSON—CLARKE

Lt. Richard Ian Atkinson, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Atkinson, of Southdown Avenue, Lewes, Sussex, and Miss Shirley Anne Clarke, younger daughter of Capt. F. W. Clarke, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Clarke, of Alverstoke, Hants, married recently at St. Mary's Church, Alverstoke



CRAWFORD—CROMPTON-INGLEFIELD

Lt. John Anthony Stuart Crawford, R.N., only son of Capt. J. S. Crawford, D.S.O., R.N. (retd.), and of Mrs. Crawford, married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, Miss Isma Rosemary Crompton-Inglefield, second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. F. Crompton-Inglefield, of Parwich Hall, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire



BERRY—SHAND KYDD

At St. George's Hanover Square, Lt. David Ian Berry, R.N., son of the late Mr. W. S. Berry and Mrs. Berry, of Harley Street, W.1, married Miss Eve Janet Shand Kydd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Shand Kydd, of The Old Rectory, Harpsden, Henley-on-Thames

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



HAMILTON—WALTER

At St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, Lt. Bruce Mead Hamilton, Black Watch, son of Col. Adrian Hamilton (late Black Watch) and Mrs. Hamilton, was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Walter, only daughter of Mr. R. A. Walter, and of the late Mrs. Walter, of Westwood, Balthayock, Perthshire



The TATLER is always happy to consider photographs of recent weddings and engagements. The insertion of such photographs is wholly a matter for the Editor's decision and is subject to space considerations. No payment is accepted in any circumstances





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JANUARY

THE SINGULARITY OF SNOWMEN

The Snowman, though we know him to be a doomed figure, has nevertheless an odd kind of immortality. He is made in exactly the same way, for exactly the same purpose and with exactly the same material as he was made under Elizabeth I. In the 16th century he would not, of course, have worn an old Air Raid Warden's helmet; and it is doubtful if in those days he had taken up smoking. But in all essentials he is unchanged. Even in the darkest days of austerity he could be erected without a licence; untrammelled by controls, private enterprise went to work with rare and complete spontaneity. Moreover, there has never been any question of the Snowman being made of anything else but snow and this, in an age when so much is synthetic, gives him a certain singularity. Impassive, faintly Churchillian, he broods upon the lawn, a lonely, comfortless figure in the early dusk. We cannot find it in our hearts to wish him a long life, yet, when the thaw comes, we are touched by his undignified declension into a grey, vestigial and amorphous stump of slush. But there is no need to pity his impermanence. He will be there again next year, and the year after, and the year after that. He is really, when you come to think of it, a good deal less impermanent than the rest of us.



The Midland Bank, too, will be there next year, and the year after, and the year after that, to provide unfailingly the banking facilities which the nation requires.

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Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

HAWICK

HAWICK in the heart of Teviotdale, proud as any Border town of its past, is also proud of its Rugby Football Club established in 1873. The few young enthusiasts subscribing to purchase its first football could not have visualized the important part that their club was eventually to play in Scottish Rugby history.

After occupying the cricket ground for a few years and a short sojourn at Volunter Park, the club secured the lease of a field at Mansfield Park, the estate of the Duke of Buccleuch, in 1886, and aided by several money-raising schemes erected a pavilion and covered stand. This served the club well for some thirty years, when on the acquisition of the freehold a commodious clubhouse was built.

The highlight of the early years was the match against the "Maoris," the first overseas side to tour Great Britain (1888), which illustrates the rapid growth of the Roxburghshire club. Among the noted players of that era

were Scottish internationals Matthew Elliot, Davie Patterson, and the three brothers Scott, and Hawick became the unofficial champions for the first time in 1895. Successful years continued until 1914.

BETWEEN the wars, though the club experienced the usual ebb and flow in its playing strength, it always maintained its high standard of Rugby, with good seasons outnumbering lean ones. After the lapse of five years of inactivity the club tackled the task of rehabilitation with fine spirit, and in season 1948-49 achieved national and district supremacy by winning the unofficial championship, and the Border League, inaugurated in 1901, for the seventeenth time.

Numbered among the twenty-four Hawick members considered worthy to represent their country are J. Beattie, S. Coltman, D. S. Davies, W. T. Forrest, W. E. Kyle, W. R. Sutherland, W. B. Welsh and D. A. Thom, now a member of the Scottish Selection Committee.

All the Border clubs organize seven-a-side competitions, in Scotland called seven-a-side sports, where this game was originated by the Melrose Club in 1883, and Hawick holds an outstanding record in this popular feature of end-of-the-season Rugby.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

EXTRACTS from the soundtrack of M-G-M's film of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* have been well knit together by a linking narration spoken with impressive dignity by John Houseman, and I have found much to enjoy about the whole recording. James Mason as Brutus and Edmond O'Brien as Casca are exceptionally good, and if the Caesar of Louis Calhern comes over somewhat colourlessly, I believe the fault to be Shakespeare's, not Mr. Calhern's.

The main interest in the film and any excerpt from it is the Cassius of Sir John Gielgud and, perhaps, the casting of Marlon Brando as Mark Antony. Until the middle of the oration over Caesar's body Brando is entirely up to the vocal high standard of his fellow players, but from then on he flounders. Gielgud, on the other hand, builds and builds with all the certain knowledge of the superb craftsman that he is.

I enjoyed the film, despite the wide screen, for it is the only one of which I have been able to enjoy the sound alone. Therefore this record has given me more than ordinary pleasure, and I believe it will do as much for all who hear it. (M-G-M C751.)

Robert Tredinnick

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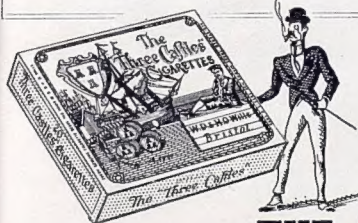
SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



Higson (at last winging a Pheasant, after missing right and left all day). "AH, HA! KNOCKED HIM OVER THAT TIME, JENKINS!"

Keeper. "YES, SIR, THEY WILL FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES!"

[The bucolic Jenkins may be forgiven for not wholly participating in the Exuberant Jubilation which so obviously possessed his Master. But when offered one of the Sporting Gentleman's 'THREE CASTLES' Cigarettes, he was constrained to admit that although the Squire's prowess in the Field left much to be desired, his choice of a Good Tobacco was Impeccable.]



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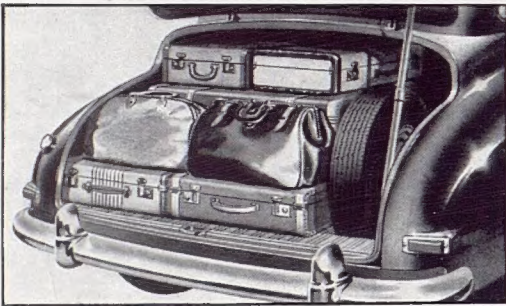
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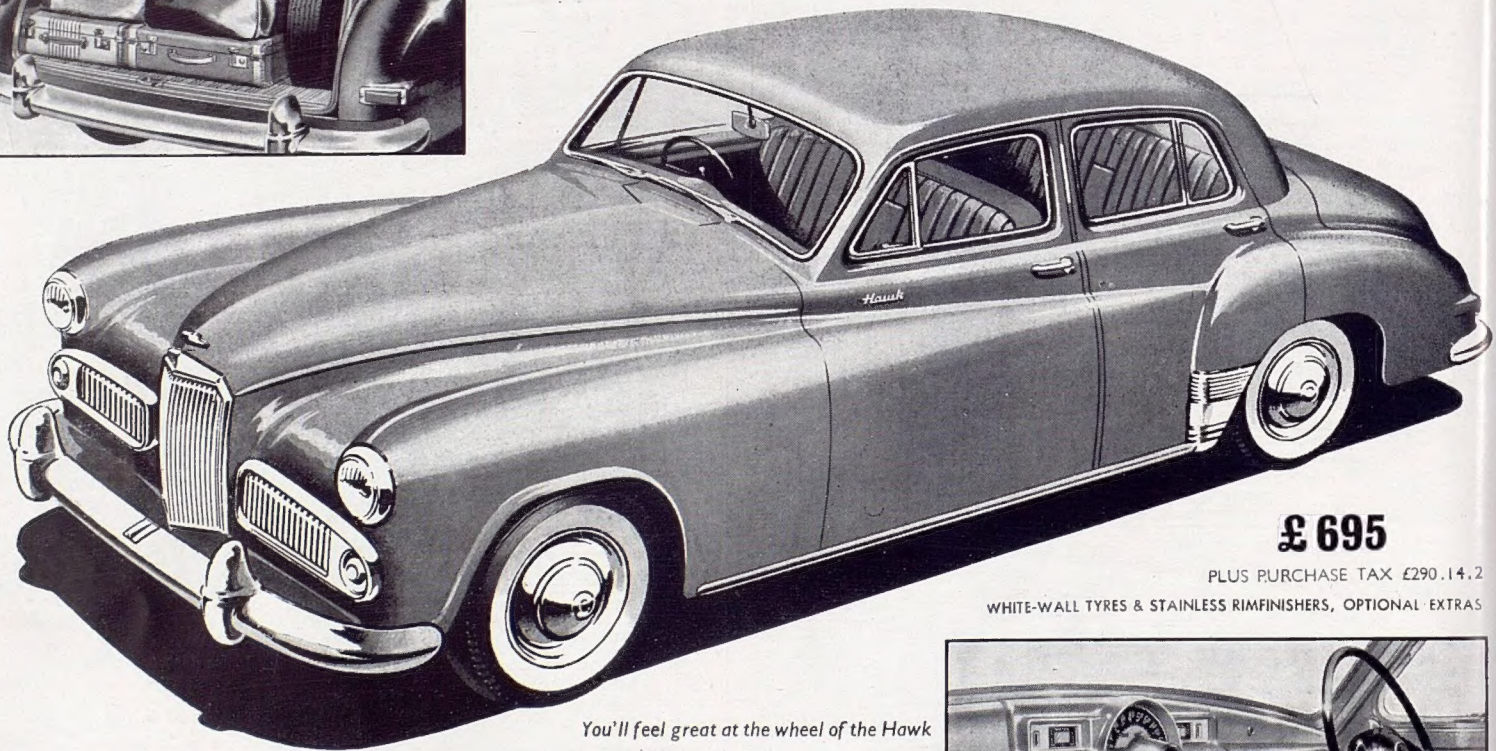
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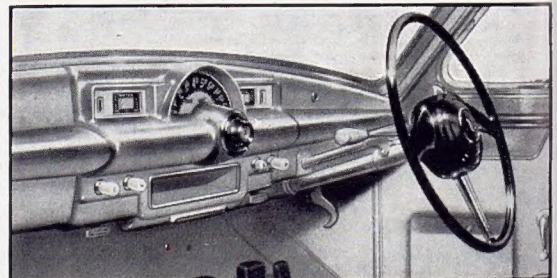
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